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BREAKTHROUGH

No. 1

\$2.00



THE TRASHMEN



**Richard and the
Young Lions**

Lyres ♦♦♦ British Walkers

Myddle Class ♦♦♦ Jetsons

BLASTERS

PREP ROCK

WIDMARK

Pro Wrestling

Chesterfield Kings

FUN!





Welcome to the premier issue of **BREAKTHROUGH** - "The Rock'n'Roll Magazine for Drinking People." While it may seem to cover a wide spectrum of talent, the whole basic underpinning is the same: FUN.

Breakthrough is not an "Oldies" or "Collector's" magazine, which will soon become apparent once a few pages are turned. There is most assuredly an emphasis on the past rather than the future. Why? Musically speaking I'm not exactly thrilled with what's going on at present, but I do think there are a lot of worthy bands out there. Groups like Los Lobos and the Smithereens are performing with as much intensity and heart as I can ever imagine anyone having. But unless new light could be shed on modern bands most of you are hopefully familiar with, I thought it better to concentrate on groups that have gone either unrecognized or else never dealt with in depth before. When was the last time the entertainment section of your local paper ran a feature on Lindy Blaskey?

A question might be raised concerning what the Trashmen, pro wrestling and Richard Widmark have to do with one another. To me the joy I experience while hearing "King of the Surf," watching Paul "Mr. Wonderful" Orndorff execute a perfect piledriver, or listening to Widmark vehemently denounce a "skrit" are one and the same. And if that answer isn't good enough just go back to the last word in the first paragraph above.

Now that we've dispensed with the formalities, how about hitting the meat of the matter? Most people seem to take special pride in groups from their local stomping grounds. I'm no exception, so it was a special treat to be able to interview Richard Tepp from Newark's Richard and the Young Lions and Daniel Mansolino from the Myddle Class, who were actually based in my hometown! Both groups abilities far outweigh their limited recorded output of 3 45's each.

If any one group could embody the whole spirit of rock'n'roll it might very well be the Trashmen. Not only did they record great rockabilly, surf, and punk, but they're still at it! The "whole anthology" (courtesy Esquerita) is covered. There's an article from a local Minneapolis paper written just as "Surfin' Bird" was taking off, an extensive history of the band by longtime fan Steve Rosen, and my report on a recent live show.

The British Walkers and Lindy Blaskey were also kings of their local scenes, Washington, D.C. and Albuquerque, respectively. In another special "You Are There" installment I'm happy to be able to show the world a fan's diary, written during the height of their popularity. Also included at the end are interviews with band members. Fortu-

nately this scrapbook (including the accompanying graphics) survived and fell into the right hands of Slicker Boy Kim Martin Kane. Lindy ruled New Mexico not only with his group, the Lavells, but also as promoter, manager and label owner. Whew! Greg Prevost talked with him about the various facets of his career, including the important question: "What does Chob mean?"

For some groups being the big shots on their campus was enough of an accomplishment. This is true of the wonderful Torques. These guys were definitely on to something, although to this day what that something was is still unknown. Their album has given me and others fortunate enough to hear it countless joy over the years and I hope some of it rubs off on the printed page. Seeing as how they ruled the roost at Phillips Academy, the most prolific prep school for rock'n'roll artifacts, I've included reviews of related lp's for both collectors and graphic arts students to drool over.

While the main rock'n'roll emphasis this ish is on wild sounds from the 60's, Kip Tyler and Mickey Hawks cut records as wild as anyone ever! James Marshall and Wayne Russell give brief sketches of this tame looking men. Maybe they transformed themselves in stage and studio in the same fashion that humble and loveable shoeshine boy became Underdog. More obscure, except in elitist blues circles, is T.V. Papa. Billy Miller finally tracked the legend down. My colleagues at the top blues fanzines have expressed some resentment at **Breakthrough** having scored this coup, but run it I must.

The Chesterfield Kings, Blasters and Lyres certainly deserve championship belts for keeping rock'n'roll alive and giving us a reason to leave our TV sets when they storm into town. The Kings were visited in Rochester by local (N.Y.) celebrity Ognir, who was kind enough to put down some of his thoughts and reflections. Dave Alvin helps readers endure the wait for the newest Blasters' lp by passing the time with some incredible and occasionally embarrassing stories from the road. The Lyres

and most especially Mono Jeff Man Conolly are examined with a microscope by Miriam Linna. Although the Lyres go through players the way the Mets used to go through third basemen, they've always been "remarkable," as the kid who Spanky baby-sat would say. Miriam also wrote about one of her have books, the extremely entertaining **Rusty Desmond**.

Pro Wrestling, perhaps the greatest sport in the world, is covered by two performers better known for their work in other fields: Ben Vaughn of the fabulous Ben Vaughn Combo and Mike Mesaros of the everpresent Smithereens. Be sure to have a box of Kleenex handy when reading Mike's heartfelt tribute to the sorely missed Grand Wizard. In better news, the addition of Mean Gene Okerlund and Rowdy Roddy Piper to the WWF has given East Coast wrestling a much needed shot in the arm. Next time I hope to include interviews with a few of the top wrestlers in the world today, so be sure and write in on who you'd like to see grilled in Abramson's Alley.

The world of film and television is aptly represented by Richard Widmark, Percy Helton, and the Jetsons. Mr. Bennett utilizes Widmark's classic character portrayals as a role model for everyday life, so he's a most fitting author. Dennis Diken has been trying to book Helton festivals into neighborhood theaters with little or no luck for years now, so I've offered him this forum in hopes that his dreams may come true. Karen McBurnie wrote her piece prior to flying out to Hollywood, where she hopes to audition for the role of Judy in the upcoming celluloid version of the classic cartoon.

There's also John Blair's article on the band that christened the magazine, Vince's rundown of his greatest hits and more...but there's a summary. I'd like to thank everyone who contributed to **Breakthrough** in any way and especially those band members whose scrapbooks and memories were raided. Now, in the immortal words of Eddie Haskell: "Start reading Sam, and don't just look at the pretty pictures."



BREAKTHROUGH

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Editor/Publisher/Layout: Todd Abramson

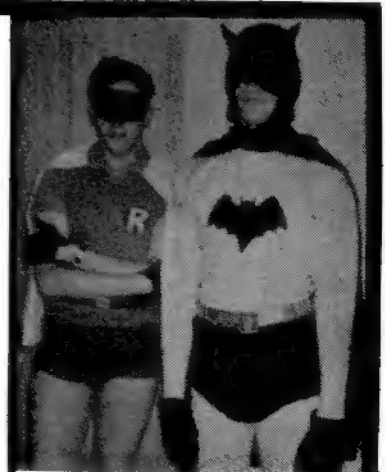
Special thanks and "Good Guy" sweat-shirts to the following: Alan Betrock, Bob at MPD, Vince Brnicevic, Kim Martin Kane, Miriam Linna, Karen McBurnie, Jan Melchior, Billy Miller, and the Abramson clan.



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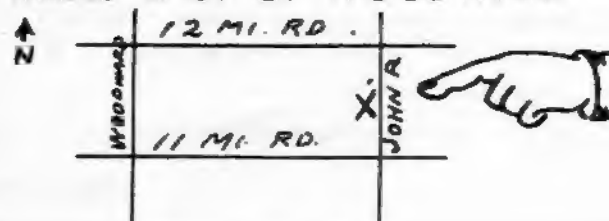
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An Interview with Richard of the Young Lions

THE BAND WITH THE ROAR!

Introduction by Todd Abramson

Interview by Todd and Miriam Linna

The name "Richard and the Young Lions" has always been uttered with a certain degree of awe by 60's record fans, largely due to the apocalyptic sound on their first release, "Open Up Your Door." It took a little longer for their follow-ups, "Nasty" and "You Can Make It" to become more widely-known, but once they were heard the Young Lions wild reputation was secure.

Other than the few facts found on the back of their picture sleeve, such as the band's Newark, N.J. origins, next to nothing was known about the band. I say "was" because recently Miriam and I had the opportunity to visit and talk with "head growler" Richard Tepp himself, at his upstate N.Y. home. Although at first surprised that anyone would still be interested in those by-gone days, Richard was happy to recite the highlights and less fortunate aspects of the band's career. I would like to thank Young Lions' guitarist Louis Vhalakes for providing most of the pictures that accompany this article.

The interview begins with Richard looking at the classic picture sleeve.

Richard Tepp: ... This band here was actually called the Original Counts. We started off and we used to play at the YMHA on Chancellor Ave. in Newark, N.J., and in those days long hair was not the most popular thing to have. We used to get into a little trouble. So one day I was hanging out at the pizzeria we used to hang out at and these guys are in there and one of 'em calls me over to his table and asks me what I'm doing with the long hair. So I figure it's another one of these pain-in-the-ass guys gonna start a fight with me 'cause I got long hair, I'm anti-American cause I got long hair. So I explained that I played in a band and this and that. He says, "Well listen, you ever hear of Bob Crewe?" I said, "Yeah," cause those days Bob Crewe handled the 4 Seasons & Mitch Ryder. He said, "I work for Bob Crewe, I write songs for him. Why don't you come into the office..." I explain to him that I'm the lead singer for the band...to make a long story short that guy was Larry Brown. These were the guys that discovered us and brought us in. I went to N.Y. and met the guy in Bob Crewe's office, I was very impressed the guy wasn't just whistling Dixie. I sang for the guy & the next thing I knew they wanted to put me in a recording studio. In these days the bands didn't play the back-up music. I went into a studio with all studio cats and they laid down the track & I just sat there until it was right. A couple of the guys sang on it with Larry Brown and Ray Bloodworth & them guys. And that's the way we started off. And then what happened...it's so long ago...I think a couple of the guys were upset that they didn't play on the record, but the only reason they didn't play on the record was they weren't good enough...We were great on Chancellor Ave. in Newark playing before 50 kids at a dance, but when it came to going into a studio I know we weren't prepared for that at that juncture of



our lives. A lot of them are real good musicians now, but back then a different story, so there was friction. We were supposed to go on the Clay Cole Show but these other guys said, "We didn't play on the record we don't wanna go." So some of my other friends played - Me, Bob Freeman...we could never get him to comb his hair down...once in Cobo Hall we're playing for 17,000 people in Detroit and we finally got him to comb his hair down and be hip. Twig & Louis Vhalakes & Freddy Randall and that eventually became Richard and the Young Lions. That was a pretty good band... we travelled around.

Breakthrough: What kind of songs were the Original Counts doing?

RT: We used to do stuff like old Kinks, Zombies...the stuff that I listen to today is the stuff we played...what is this, like 18,20 years ago already.

BT: Did you have any original songs in the Counts or Young Lions?

RT: The Counts didn't do any original stuff. In the Young Lions we may have started writing a little bit ourselves but I don't think we could ever really write a song that ever came out. In those days rock'n'roll was almost frowned upon. Now I see these guys like Boy

George, imagine this guy walking down the streets of Newark, y'know 20 years ago like that he'd get his ass kicked in about six seconds. I used to walk down with my long hair, it's actually longer now, me & Mark & Norman...it was trouble. People wanted to fight us, tell us we didn't like America.

BT: So you were in high school at this time?

RT: I had just graduated from Weequahic High when the Young Lions started. I think I had gotten out of school when I had the Original Counts and then the Young Lions came right outta that.

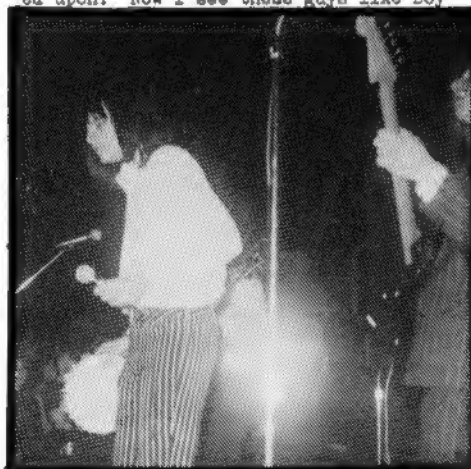
BT: Were the kids you went to school with pretty impressed when you got the deal with Crewe?

RT: All the guys I grew up with, we were all athletes, played basketball every day, and...my real name is Howie Tepp, Howard Tepp- and all of a sudden I'm Richard Tepp. It was tough...the guys in the band have to get used to calling me Richard so when we're in Ohio or Michigan or Florida they can't call me Howie in front of all these people.

BT: I guess "Richard and the Young Lions" sounds better than "Howie and the Young Lions."

RT: That's for sure. But the success we had in other parts of the country we didn't have in N.J. or N.Y.. So my friends...I'd come back from Cleveland and tell 'em we just played for 15,000 people here or with the Yardbirds here or the Temps over there, Bob Seger over here...ya know, super groups, they were impressed with all that, now they're playing basketball with me again. "Take it out, Tepp - your shot." Ya know? I think my friends were happy for me, but as far as being impressed I don't think they really realized what it really meant...you know, what was really goin' on.

BT: I saw a chart once where "Open Up Your Door" was in the Top Ten in Detroit.



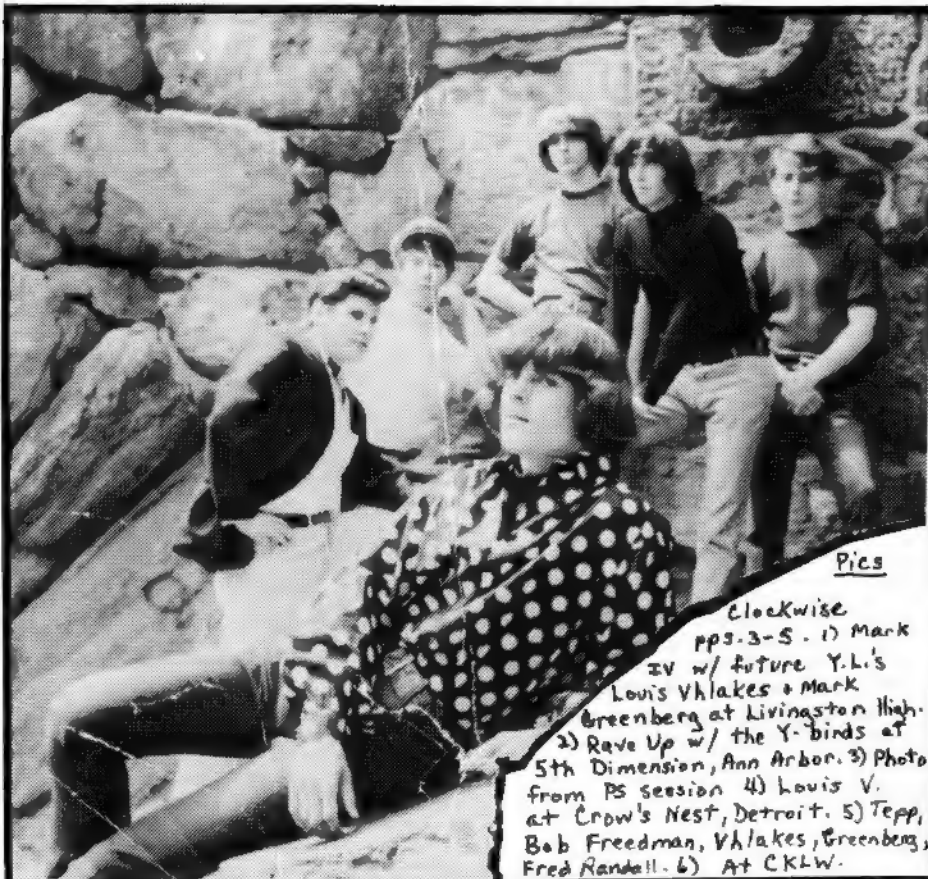
RT: We were #1. I remember staying at my mother's house...I was living there and Larry Brown calls me up and he says, "Can you get CKLW on the radio?" I said yeah and turned it on and he just said listen to it for awhile. All-right...so I'm listening to it, relaxing, watching a ballgame..."It's now #1 on CKL da-da-da..." and it was our song. I said, "Holy shit." I didn't even know the record was out. I called up the rest of the guys in the band and said, "Pack your bags boys, we're leavin' town tonight."

BT: How long did you leave for?

RT: We never left for any length of time. What we used to do was to go for a couple of days here & a couple of days there & then we'd be back. We'd have to go to Kentucky the next weekend, then to Maine...we weren't really managed that well. In those days I don't think the managers knew what they were doing either.

BT: Was Crewe your manager?

RT: No, Crewe was...the big meschpilcha, I don't know what you'd call him. For some reason Bob Crewe really listened to me...respected my musical opinion. I think he thought I really had my pulse on whatever was happening in those days. Whenever Mitch Ryder or the 4 Seasons came out with a new record he'd call me into his office from Jersey to have me hear it. Now, Bob Crewe is a multi-millionaire, he knows more about music...his office was just walls of speakers...and he sits me down and say, "What do you think of this?" One time he played "Sock It To Me Baby" by Mitch Ryder before it came out. He asked me what I thought of it and I said, "To be honest with you it just doesn't hit me the right way, there's something wrong." Well, needless to say, that song was #1 for about a year and a half. It was the last time he called me into his office.



Pics

Clockwise
pp3-3-5. 1) Mark
IV w/ future Y.L.'s
Louis Vhlakes & Mark
Greenberg at Livingston High.
2) Rave Up w/ the Y-birds at
5th Dimension, Ann Arbor. 3) Photo
from PS session 4) Louis V.
at Crow's Nest, Detroit. 5) Tepp,
Bob Freedman, Vhlakes, Greenberg,
Fred Randall. 6) At CKLW.

BT: Did Crewe's connection with Ryder account for some of your success in Detroit?

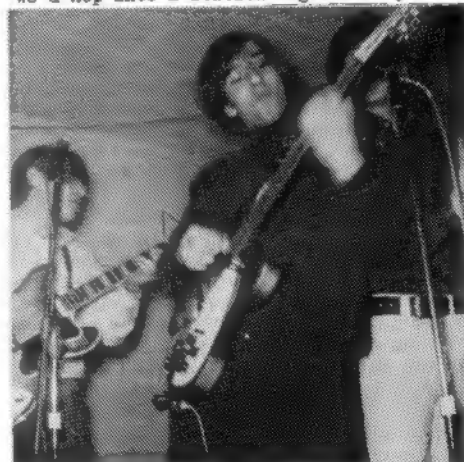
RT: We played with Mitch a lot. One time we were going to Detroit and my manager said to me if any of the record execs or anybody at a radio station, any of the dj's, asks if you're Mitch Ryder's brother, don't deny it. I said I didn't understand and he said just don't deny it. They planted a rumor up there that I was Mitch Ryder's brother & Mitch wasn't gonna deny it...and I...they managed all of us. And that sorta put us over the hump there. I just never denied it. Everyone was asking me if I was his brother and I'm going, "Well, I really can't comment on that right now." I felt like I was running for governor or something!

BT: Did you see the liner notes to "Open Up Your Door" before the record came out?

RT: Obviously not. This guy, I guess his name is Jere Real, called me up once and asked me all sorts of questions: "What kind of girls do you like, Dickie?" All these promotion men wouldn't call you Richard, they'd call you Dickie. I was talking to him on the phone...he called from Phillips headquarters in Chicago. He asked me where I was from and that stuff. The last verse of the song was supposed to go, "I'm all on fire, my love ain't died, got a big desire to get inside." But they screamed at us that we couldn't do that.

BT: Did you play big auditoriums in the Mid-West?

RT: No...in those days, nowadays if a band has a hit record they play the Garden & all the big places. In those days it was pretty rare to play the big places, although we did do a few. What we would do is play like three places a night...we were just herded around like cattle. In Cleveland for example, we'd play three different places...this way three different places can advertise "Singing "Open Up Your Door" the #1 hit, Richard and the Young Lions," ya know? We'd make like \$600 or \$1,000 for the whole night, which really isn't that much money, when you have to fly out there and live out there. Nowadays, the bar I work in, I'm a bartender, the bands that come up there don't even have a record out- they make a lot more than that. We'd play a set in one place then we'd hop into a station wagon & they'd



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take us to another place to play and we'd go through two or three places a night. We were having fun!!! We didn't make any \$\$\$ or anything like, but we had a good time.

BT: How close did you come on stage to the sound on your records? They have some really weird instrumentation.

RT: "Open Up Your Door" we did pretty close. That's when fuzz-tone was first coming out, we were one of the first to use it. Everybody was going, "Oh man, what's THAT?!!?" Vocally, we sounded the same. We sounded pretty good - they thought we made the record. Some of these records we didn't even play live.

BT: Do you remember some of your live numbers that went over really well?

RT: The Yardbirds- we used to do "For Your Love," "Over, Under, Sideways, Down," bunch of Y-birds stuff, cause I remember when we played with them in Ann Arbor: "Uh oh now what are we gonna do? All we're doing is Yardbirds stuff and we're playing with 'em!!!"



BT: "Nasty" wasn't as successful sales-wise as the first 45. "You Can Make It" seems to be a return to the sound of "Open Up Your Door." Was this a conscious effort?

RT: "Nasty" and "You Can Make It" were recorded at the same time, I think. For some reason they wanted to release "Nasty" instead. I really liked "You Can Make It." I thought that really

had it, but they went ahead and released "Nasty" and I don't know...the rest is rock'n'roll history, folks.

The flip side of "You Can Make It," "To Have and to Hold"- I told you before they wanted to release the song real fast but we didn't have a flip side and it was too late to call up studio cats, so Larry Brown called me up and said, "Look, you gotta come in we've gotta record a side." We didn't even know what song we were doing and he shoved me this and we worked on it, so I said, "Where are all the guys that are gonna play?" and he said, "You're looking at 'em." He played guitar, he was a guitar player, matter of fact I don't know if you've heard of a band Distant Cousins?

BT: Yeah...folky kind of group.

RT: That was Larry Brown & Ray Bloodworth, they had one or two records with moderate success in parts of the country. When they went on the road they both grew beards and shaved off half their beards. One had a beard on the right side & one had a beard on the left side...so we went in and recorded this, I play the drums...one of the first times I ever played drums in my life. Afterwards, I eventually became a drummer. Now going on years later, one time I'm working at the bar up here, I get home like around 5 in the morning, and I always turn on the television when I get home. So I'm watching one of my favorite movies, Frankenstein Vs. Billy The Kid, or maybe it was Dracula Vs. Billy The Kid - someone was fighting Billy the Kid. Right at the end of the movie, all of a sudden they're showing the credits and all of a sudden I hear this song. "To Have and to Hold" is the theme song to Frankenstein Vs. Billy The Kid! It's not with us singing it, it's with Larry & Ray, the Distant Cousins... their version.

BT: Was there ever talk of a Richard and the Young Lions album?

RT: There was talk of it, but it never happened. They gave us three shots with these things (points at 45's) and they couldn't break us nationally. Back then

RICHARD AND THE YOUNG LIONS:

The haircut is strictly Anglo-Saxon—Sort of late Beowulf, or early Prince Valiant. For an outfit with the name Richard and the Young Lions, it fits. With such shaggy hair's mane, one pundit recently suggested the group might even be called "the mane-lions."

In any event, Richard's music is equally "hairy"—a raw, gutty, near-primitive sound he calls "impact music," for want of a better term.

Leading this entourage of growlers is Richard Tepp, an 18-year-old, lanky, six-footer from Newark, N.J., where all the Young Lions can be found rearing.

Richard is interested in today's "scene," not only musically "but whatever's happening," wherever it may take him.

He (and the others) take life "as it comes, without any worry." Doing so, they and their music reflect the restlessness of contemporary teens, their desire for the offbeat, the different.

For instance, listen closely and you'll hear an African hair drum in this recording; it was utilized to achieve a distinct sound the boys wanted. Listen again—you'll hear the sound of today—the pulsating drive of Richard and the Young Lions.

Joe Rap

if you made a song and it went national they would have you in the studio doing an album very quickly.

BT: So you never recorded anything besides these six sides?

RT: You're looking at the six sides Richard and the Young Lions recorded. This is a medley of our hits right here.

BT: Was it your choice to have the heavy numbers backed by ballads?

RT: It wasn't my choice. Back then I didn't have many choices, I was sort of not in control. We made "Open Up Your Door" and "Once Upon Your Smile" at the same time and they didn't know which to make the A-side. In other words, they were gonna give this band a push & they didn't know which one to go with. So I did suggest going with "O.U.Y.D." because I thought that would be better and obviously it did alright. "Nasty" we used to do live...it was alright, we used to struggle with that. I struggled a lot singing it.

BT: Did you do any TV in the Mid-West? Like Upbeat?

RT: Yeah, we were on Upbeat all the time. I'd say we were on five times. We used to tape it one week and it'd be shown the next. Matter of fact it was shown in Cleveland that week, I think, and we'd watch there, then go home the next week and watch it again.

BT: Did you ever have any throat problems while singing in the Young Lions?

RT: Strangely enough, no. It's odd... Just the other day I started getting a sore throat...I never had a sore throat in my life.

BT: One more question: I'm not certain when these records came out. I guess "Open Up Your Door" was early '66?

RT: Let's see I was nineteen when it came out.

BT: It says eighteen on the sleeve.

RT: But I was really 19, cause I remember the guy said, "How old are you?". I said, "19," he said, "No, you're not, you're 18." Cause 19 was a little too close to twenty. I was born in '47 so that's '66...early '66. I think all three records came out in that year, 1966.

BT: It was a good year.



ADRIAN . . . and the SUNSETS

New SUNSET SOUNDS from SUNSET RECORDS

examined by John Blair

"Breakthrough! Breaking the sound barrier into a new world of music!" The headline, splashed across the front of Adrian & The Sunsets' only album release from 1963 could just as easily work as a banner for this new publishing effort. By virtue of naming a magazine after an obscure early surf band, a look at the group and their music is called for. Adrian & The Sunsets, as with so many early recorded rock artists, never achieved any sort of recognition beyond the county line.

Breakthrough really wasn't ground breaking, even in the general sense of the term. But the record was one of the few privately released albums (not on a major label) by a surf band that showed much more energy and spontaneity than many of the more polished efforts from labels such as Capitol, Del-Fi or GNP Crescendo. This type of release was much closer to the ideals of excitement and fun, two important qualities of surf music, than most of the others. Unfortunately, the album is also quite rare and difficult to find. With this in mind, here's a closer look at Adrian & The Sunsets.

The founder of the band, Adrian Lloyd, was born in Cornwall, England, in 1945. His family moved to Southern California in 1956. Aside from the assumption that he came to the West Coast with some talent at playing the drums, nothing else is known prior to about 1962.

One of the more popular teen bands in the local Orange County area at that time was the Rumlbers. Taking their name from the 1958 hit by Link Wray & The Ray-Men, they started performing in 1961 and built a fair reputation for themselves by 1962.

Dick Dale & The Del-Tones, also from Orange County, were performing regularly to packed houses at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa and other venues in the area. The Surfaris released their first recording, "Wipe Out," at the end of 1961 as surf music was rapidly becoming very popular.

The Rumlbers, however, were not a surf band. Their material and arrangements were more in a rhythm and blues vein. Yet, "Boss" was instantly associated with the surf scene here and most of their subsequent releases attempted to capitalize on this genre.

Searching for a band to add his drumming talent to, Lloyd phoned up one of the Rumlbers and asked to join. The band was duly impressed with him, according to a published account of the story in Goldmine magazine (#54, November, 1980). Lloyd was not only good and could sing, but he had his own drum kit. In those days, that was one of the main reasons for any young, aspiring, high school musician successfully finding a band. Having your own equipment was often a greater asset than an ability to play or sing well.

Adrian was also the oldest member of the Rumlbers upon joining (18) and he was evidently more ambitious and assertive than the others. Shortly after joining the band, he went to Highland Records, a local independent company who had achieved a modicum of financial success in 1961 with the release of "Angel Baby" by Rosie & The Originals. Highland became interested in the band and paid for a short recording session in a Long Beach studio. The Rumlbers' first record, "Intersection"/"Stomping Time," was released on Highland around March or April of 1962. Adrian Lloyd's drumming had arrived, but it still wasn't time to "break through."

He continued playing with the Rumlbers for the next year. They approached Downey Records, another small record company, that happened to have their own adjacent studio (also in Orange County). Downey was a new outfit, having opened their doors only a few months before, in the summer of 1961. They had one act signed to the label when they were approached by the Rumlbers, The Pastel Six.

"Boss" came out of the band's first sessions with Downey. The record quickly became a local hit and Dot Records picked it up for national distribution. It charted in Billboard's Top 100 that spring and helped to fuel the growing popularity in surf music both locally and nationally.

Lloyd played on one other Downey single and on the Rumlbers' lone album release before he left the group. The second single was "Boss Strikes Back," a rather lack-luster attempt to perpetuate the success of "Boss." It wasn't long after this "sequel" was released that personality conflicts developed between Adrian and the rest of the band. The group elected to replace him, which they did with a local recruit named Greg Crowner. The Rumlbers continued to record for Downey up through 1965, with no national and very little local success, except for "Boss."



ADRIAN LLOYD, 18. Band Leader, drummer, vocalist, writer, actor. Former leader of the world famous Rumlbers Band. Internationally known for his recordings of BOSS and WIPE OUT. Adrian has appeared with such great artists as ELVIS PRESLEY, JAN AND DEAN, THE OLYMPICS and many others.

Lloyd quickly formed his own group during the spring and early summer of 1963. Surf music had become an intensely strong local phenomenon by this time, so it's no surprise that Lloyd's new band, Adrian & The Sunsets, took advantage of the local musical climate and played their material in that style.

The band issued three recordings in the late summer and early fall of that year, two singles and an album. All of them were on the Sunset Records label,

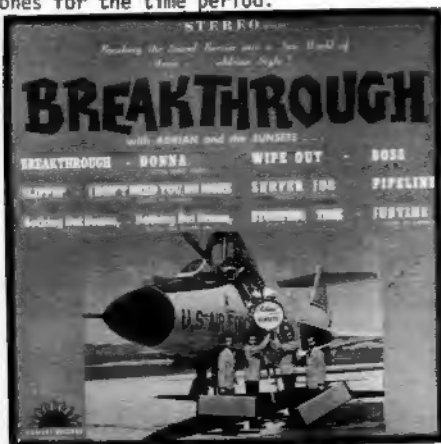


"Who cut the cheese?" "Not me...why's Adrian smiling?"

owned by Sheets Enterprises, almost certainly a business name on the part of a relative or friend who had put up the money for these releases. As far as I'm aware, these recordings were distributed only locally and failed to receive any substantial airplay, one reason for their rarity today. The album carried a Monterey Park address for Sunset Records. Again, another Orange County community.

The album release was Adrian's major bid for success. He, or whoever was guiding his career, decided it was time to shoot for the stars. The surf music fad in Southern California was the springboard and "Breakthrough" became the title, and title track, of the new album.

As a product of 1963's pop music culture, the album peacefully entered and exited the record buying public's consciousness. As a relic of a music fad that exploded on the local scene twenty years ago, the album's a shining gem. Aside from the fact that this effort was recorded in beautifully separated stereo (not rechanneled or otherwise contrived), and the pressing itself on a rather motley combination of bright colors (blue, red, yellow and green to symbolize the sunset, evidently), the packaging was unique and the recorded performance among the better ones for the time period.



The front cover photo, taken at one of the area's Air Force bases, seems to show the band loading their gear into an F-101 "Voodoo" jet, ready to take off for their next gig. Lloyd is even wearing a bright orange flight outfit while the others are fitted in matching blazers and black trousers.

On the back cover appear mugshots of each member of the band along with their names, ages and short blurbs extolling the virtues of their individual "talents." Ron Eglit (lead guitar) was formerly with the Emeralds Band (whoever they were) and had "...a particularly driving sound" which "...very few are capable of duplicating." Dick Lambert (bass) "...adds the necessary lows needed to create the exciting sounds of a top band." He also doubled on rhythm guitar. Bruce Riddar (tenor sax), also a former member of the Emeralds Band, "...is known for his unusual and original style." Clyde Brown (rhythm guitar) "...has played with many top musicians. He has a special talent for backing up the lead guitar resulting in unusual musical interplay." Bobby Forest (vocalist) was "...an amazing new discovery to the teenage singing world."

The notes also indicate Forest was to have a starring role in the forthcoming film, *The Other Side of the Mountain*. A movie by this title was made, but not until 1975. It was a filmed version of a bestselling late 50's book by author/skier Jill Kimmont who was crippled in a skiing accident. It's not known if there was another film by the same title done in the mid-60's (which, presumably, featured Forest), so the accuracy of this piece of promotional information about him is suspect. In any event, the liner notes were enough to convince even the least gullible record buyer that this was a band to be reckoned with; a band headed straight for the top. Adrian & The Sunsets, however, were together for less than a year!

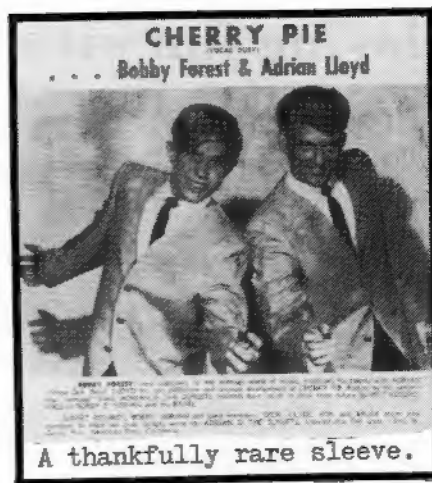
They left behind some nice music, though. The *Breakthrough* album featured a mix of instrumentals and vocals. Despite touting Bobby Forest's vocal talents in the liner notes, he only handles one lead on the record. It happens to be an innocuous but nice and properly nasal version of Ritchie Valens' "Donna." The track is sandwiched in between two of the better instrumental tracks, "Slippin'" and the title track. Both were written by Lloyd and both have a sound very similar to that of the early Surfaris. In fact, the instrumental arrangements, overall, had a similar style and both sides of the Surfaris' first record, "Wipe Out" and "Surfer Joe," appear on the album.

Other instrumentals here include "Pipeline," "Boss," "Stomping Time" and a two-part track called "Nothing But Drums." The latter two were also original Lloyd compositions. As if to show there were no hard feelings between Adrian and The Rumlbers, he even re-recorded both sides of their first Downey single, "Boss" and "I Don't Need You Any More," an R&B flavored vocal sung here by Lloyd, who claimed co-authorship along with Wayne Matteson, bassist for The Rumlbers.

"Stomping Time" was a re-recording of one side of The Rumlbers' Highland release, co-written by Lloyd and Mike Kelishes, the lead guitarist for that band. Concluding the l.p. is a fair (but obviously "white") surf version of Don & Dewey's 1958 hit, "Justine."

The short-lived activities of Adrian & The Sunsets were over by the end of 1963 or early in 1964. Here's where information about the band, as sparse as it already is, comes to an almost grinding halt. There is one other later connection which ought to be mentioned.

In 1964, a 7" 33-1/3 single appeared on the Rainbow Records label including six tracks by the Hollywood Sunsets Band. Three of these tracks were re-verbed surf instrumentals and the others were vocals. Bobby Forest handled all the vocals and two of the three intros were written by Bruce Riddar. So far, the identities of the other members of this Sunsets' incarnation (if one assumes Riddar is performing on this release as well) are unknown. Sheets Enterprises is, again, noted on the label, which implies that this group may have been identical to the Lloyd group but with a different drummer. The address was noted Bellflower, California (yep, another Orange County community!).



It's almost certain that Lloyd did not play on this Hollywood Sunsets Band release (I'm missing the picture sleeve for this record which may have been a group photo, thereby laying to rest this question), although the overall sound is similar to that of Adrian & The Sunsets. Two major differences between the recordings make this a rather subjective conclusion.

The Rainbow EP's recording quality isn't nearly as bright and crisp as the Sunset album's upfront presence and stereo separation. The EP also contains a female chorus, called the Sunset Choraliers on the label, who were mixed into the production on all three vocal tracks. From the sound of the voices, they appear awfully young (indeed, Bobby Forest was supposedly 14 at the time!) and were probably members of a Bellflower high school's glee club.

In an article on The Rumlbers for *Goldmine* magazine, Lloyd's present whereabouts were noted as probably Long Beach, California, working as an usher at a local movie theater. If so, I guess you could say he finally broke through into show business. Surely one day he'll be tracked down and asked to tell his story, which probably won't change the course of pop music history, but should fill in a small but important gap in the local history of the surf music genre. If for no other reason than the multi-color vinyl it was pressed on, *Breakthrough* will be remembered as one of the better executed surf recordings of the early 1960's from Southern California.



Having fun with *the JETSONS* by Karen McBurnie

Growing up sucks. When you grow up things look different; what you remember as a big deal now looks like nothing. Favorite spots have either weathered in time or just weren't what your little faerie-dusted noggins made them out to be.

Cartoons are the exception. Although supposedly aimed at children, it's a waste to feed them to kids like everyday oatmeal television pacifiers. The mind must grow more complex and much more cynical to fully appreciate the cartoonist's creative wit. Look, it took until just recently for me to notice that *The Flintstones* were a complete rip of *The Honeymooners*, so you know what kind of starry-eyed childhood I had.

The *Jetsons* were introduced in 1962, and though I was only 2 years old at the time, it scares the hell out of me to find out that the first episode marked the premier of color television on ABC. In my lifetime!?!?! But the *Jetsons* haven't deteriorated with age, which might explain the reason for it being the only one-season cartoon series still rerun in Saturday morning slots. Now more than ever are the atomic designs of the show popular, and the combination of futuristic atmosphere and dated plot hilarious. Topping that is Hanna-Barbera's press kit for the program: a full kit with a bio of each family member (except Astro), sample dialogue, a list of futuristic devices, etc., and only one mention of the fact that all these things are animated! Pretty scary, huh?

The creators of the *Jetsons* combine both the *Flintstones* and *Blondie*. Besides being a full-length sit-com as opposed to the usual cartoon format of slapstick one-liners, note that the domestic life of the *Flintstones* meshed with Hanna-Barbera's unbeatable talent for complete transformation of a plot into the mold. Names of characters, places and objects were jazzed up to apply. A traffic cop named O'Jetaky, the *Jetsons*' handyman Henry Orbit,

gangster Knuckles Nuclear, and even Jack Jetwash, the futuristic equivalent of Jack Lalanne, who specialized in exercises to help the housewives' push-button finger.

The *Blondie* influence is pretty obvious in the boss/underling relationship between George Jetson and Mr. Spacely at Spacely Sprockets. Just like Dagwood and Mr. Dithers, George's vacations are constantly interrupted or postponed because of some account Mr. Spacely can't let hang. Dagwood (George) always gets fired and rehired again. And, of course, Spacely tries to sweet-talk his employee by calling him "Vice President Jetson." An added irony is that Hollywood's *Blondie*, Penny Singleton, was the voice of Jane Jetson.

The hippest plot on the series is undoubtedly the *Jet Screamer* episode. Everyone must remember the mega-hit, "Eep Op Ork Ah Ah," Elroy's spy code that square dad George substituted for Judy's tune to sabotage her entry in the *Jet Screamer* song contest. Swoon! Judy got her chance to get rubber-kneed for the latest singing idol, while dad wound up beating the skins.

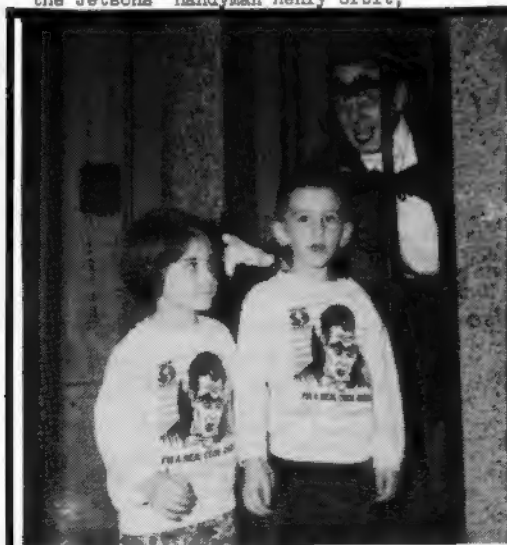
Many of the plots and sub-plots were recurring. In most episodes, George gets stopped for speeding by a wise-ass cop on a jet powered motorcycle, then meets with the video judge instantly to settle the case. The most embarrassingly dated recurring theme in the series is in the "Women are dumb and silly" area. Jane doesn't know how to drive (in the episode where she takes lessons the terrified instructor pulls down a LADY STUDENT DRIVER - BEWARE sign as they begin), is unable to cook (the futuristic foodrackercycle takes care of meals), doesn't clean (a seeing-eye vacuum or Rosie the Robot attend to household chores), and is always portrayed as the jealous wife.

But George and Jane loved each other and their perfect nuclear family. Dad, Mom, Girl, Boy, Dog. Ideal 1960's entertainment.



The push-button life was the epitome of what everyone strived for and worshipped as modern in the 60's, enabling the *Jetsons* to live the perfect existence with the outer-space references thrown in. Pre-Star Wars integrity perhaps, but it came off swell. Both the *Flintstones* and *Jetsons* carried into their story lines the various timely trends, satirizing them without murdering them with uncool. *Jet Screamer* and the *Beau Brummelstones* were both funny and well done. Whether it be the *Dad-At-Work* traumas of George, the *I'm Getting Old And Undesirable* concerns of Jane, the *Rock'n'Roll Teen* exploits of Judy or the *TV Hero Video Worship* life of Elroy, none of it could ever be as stomach turningly unhip as *Josie and the Pussycats in Space*, *The Partridge Family in Space*, or whatever dumb new cartoons starring teenage guitar-playing imbeciles (in space) with Donny Osmond hair and elephant bells that have been more recently developed.

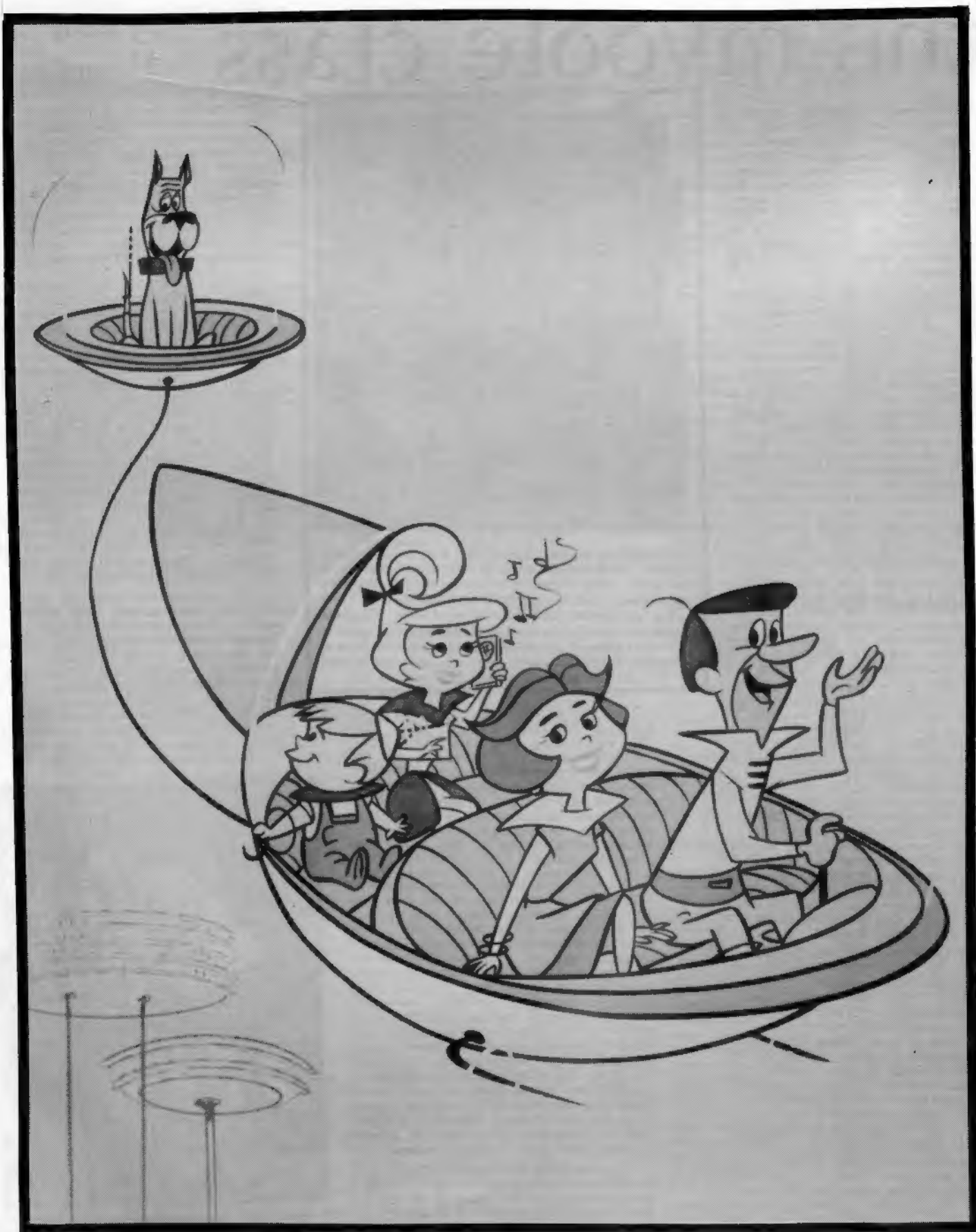
And what big kid in the year 2000 is going to fondly remember *PacMan* or those damnable *Saurfs*?



The author(left): A TV Tube baby



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Tales of the myddle class

by Todd
Abramson

Almost every conceivable area of the country spawned a "local fave" in the garage band era of the mid-60's. Teens in many areas, such as Minneapolis or Chicago, could choose between dozens of heavyweight contenders. But in Summit, New Jersey all allegiance was pledged to the Myddle Class. Their recorded output was scarce (3 45's and a cut on a sampler lp), but their legacy remains among the most intriguing of them all.

Predictably enough, the origins of the Myddle Class lie in area prep schools. In their earliest incarnation as the Four Classics their "heaviest gig" was Hobby Mall in Summit, where they entertained dance classes with such stompers as "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White." At this point the band consisted of Danny Mansolino on vocals, Rick Philp on guitar, drummer Myke Rosa, and bassist Kurt Gabrook. Abetted by Philp's knowledge of every Ventures lick, the Four Classics were able to eek a little rock'n'roll into their otherwise staid repertoire. This job was terminated when Myke and the group refused to stop playing a Rolling Stones song, despite urgent requests from school officials.

The transition from instrumental rock'n'roll to the British Invasion was echoed not only on the charts, but also in basements all across America. The Four Classics were not immune. Taking inspiration from Slim Harpo, via the Stones, they evolved into the King Bees. Dave Palmer was added as the band's vocalist, with Mansolino moving over to the organ, giving the group a fuller sound. Curt Gabrook was replaced on bass by Charles Larkey, who may not have known how to play the instrument, but whose father ran a clothing chain in the area and made numerous buying trips to Carnaby Street.

One of the high points in the band's tenure as the King Bees took place at a Governor Livingston Regional High (Berkeley Heights) variety show. The boys were elated for last in the evening. Before their curtain even rose excitement was at a fever pitch, seeing as how rock'n'roll makes few visits to Berkeley Heights. Between Charles Larkey's gyrations and renditions of "Shout," "She's Not There" and the heretofore unrecorded "It's The Season," the crowd did not tumble from its hysterical perch. Another memorable performance took place at the Saithtown, Long Island tercentenary celebration where, thanks to the efforts of local dj Scott Ross, a supposed 3,000 fans gathered, about 2,700 more than were expected.

This is not to exclude the low points, such as the time Mansolino got his hair caught on fire while playing organ amidst candles at Pingry School. He also recalls that, "If you had long hair in New Jersey in 1965 you paid a lot of dues." Some more interesting anecdotes emerge from this time period. Not the least of which was imminent arrival of the King Bees debut



STRIKING a typical stance, the King Bees, musical quintet, relax between shots of their avant garde movie currently being filmed in Berkeley Heights and New Providence. Left to right are Rick Philp of Warren Township, lead guitarist; Danny Mansolino of North Plainfield, organist; Dave Palmer (top) of Warren Township, vocalist; Charlie Larkey of Mountainside, bass, and Myke Rosa of Berkeley Heights, drummer.

(Photo by Alice Rapp)

lp, auspiciously titled Soul In White Suburbia. At least they knew where they were coming from! Possibly existing somewhere is a short film featuring the band entitled "The Suburbs of Heaven." Shot by Warhol cronies Barbara Rubin (d. 1978), the content was described as, "A quasi documentary in avant-garde technique tracing the birth and development of a musical group."

From the standpoint of the future the most important event in the King Bees' life transpired when a mysterious red-bearded figure saw one of their performances at a Berkeley Heights swim club. The portly figure belonged to Al Aronowitz, pop music columnist for the New York Post and friend to the stars, including Dylan and Brian Jones. Hearing about the group via his baby-sitter, Aronowitz checked them out and was impressed enough to offer his managerial services. His offer was accepted and through him the band was put in touch with fellow New Jerseyans Gerry Goffin and Carole King, who provided the King Bees with much of their material, often co-writing songs with Philp and Palmer.

In late 1965 the release of a 45 on RCA by a New York group dubbed the King Bees necessitated the changing of the Jersey group's moniker. Ironically enough, N.Y.C. King Bees leader Danny "Kootch" Kortchmar would later team

with Charles Larkey in The City. In the meantime, Dave Palmer, most likely following Aronowitz's orders, announced at practice one night that the band was now the Myddle Class. The debut of the quintet as the Myddle Class took place on December 11, 1965, at Summit High School. Known in the lovingly done M.C. Newsletter as "The Summit Concert," in retrospect it is more noted for the appearance of the opening act.

Imagine the surprise (or if you'd prefer, horror) given the suburban high school audience when the Velvet Underground appeared on stage, inbetween the Forty Fingers, four 14 year olds from neighboring Springfield, and the Myddle Class. Aronowitz had insisted on the Velvets doing the gig, primarily as a morale booster, since they had just been fired from the Cafe Wha?. They stayed at Aronowitz's Berkeley Heights residence prior to the show, clad in the customary black, replete with shades and drawn blinds. At Summit the V.U. ran through "There She Goes Again," "Venus in Furs," and "Heroin." The M.C. Newsletter puts it best: "Half the audience loved their 'different-weird' sound. The other half left the theater." Dan Mansolino deemed the whole incident "embarrassing."

By the time the Class was due for their set the auditorium was jammed again. The teens went delirious as the group stormed through their typical set of raunchy Stones derived r'n'b, including "King Bee" and "I Just Wanna Make Love to You," and numerous Goffin-King tunes, such as their newly released 45, "Free As the Wind." This despite, or perhaps partly due to Rick Philp starting off in the wrong key and the band having to begin the number again.



THE MYDDLE CLASS UP-ENDED PINGRY SCHOOL AT DANCE NOV. 20. DAVE PALMER HAD TO HOLD ONTO MIKE STAND WITH DANNY MANSOLINO ON ORGAN AND CHARLIE LARKEY ON BASS BEHIND.



An Introduction - And The Fans Went Wild

The premier release on Goffin and King's promising Tomorrow label, the fate of "Free As the Wind" was a harbinger of things to come. While the production could have been a bit fuller, the song (also co-written by Philp and Palmer) is an extremely catchy and lilting folk-rocker with a discreet hint of psychedelia. This side seems somewhat at odds with the group's tougher image at the time, as evidenced by the somewhat legendary "pitchfork picture." The flip, on the other hand, was an aggressive rendering of Dylan's "Gates of Eden."

FREE AS THE WIND

(Screen Gems-Columbia, BMI)

GATES OF EDEN (Witmark, ASCAP)

THE MIDDLE CLASS—Tomorrow 7501.

Arresting arrangement, song and new group should shoot the Myddle Class up charts.

Judging from the newsletter, there were numerous distribution problems with the disc, not too surprising for a label's inaugural effort. The record achieved scattered success via airplay in such regions as Albany, Hartford, and Knoxville, while being received well enough locally, but overall sales were disappointing. Another problem plaguing the disc was that some markets treated "Gates of Eden" as the top side.

In early 1966 the Myddle Class began to make themselves well known on the New York City club circuit, centered in Greenwich Village. The band played all the hot spots, including two weeks at The Scene with Tiny Tim. The group was in top form at both the Night Owl Cafe and the Cafe Au-Go-Go on Bleeker Street. Since this was the height of the blues renaissance they shared billings with Paul Butterfield, Sonny Boy Williamson, and the Blues Project. Later, appearing at the Rolling Stone, they performed a number which they had picked up from the Blues Project gigs.

"Don't Let Me Sleep Too Long" was a natural discotheque pleaser with its driving organ dominated sound. Due to audience reaction it became the obvious choice for the band's second 45. The writing credit given the Middle Class on the original Tomorrow release (6/66) was later partly rectified by an "Arrangement: Blues Project" tag on the 1969 Buddah re-release.

It was decided that another Coffin-King composition, "I Happen to Love You," would be the B-side. Cut at Dick Charles studio in Manhattan in the same session as "Gates of Eden" and the unreleased "It's the Season," this is my favorite Myddle Class cut. I personally rank 1+ among any 60's great. The production is fully realized, and I'd like to thank that if this had been the plugged side the band might have found that elusive hit. One of the finest "punk ballads," the



The
always
mysterious
Alfred G.
Aronowitz.

group constantly threatens to explode but always regains control. Palmer's vocal performance is excellent, although it must've been quite an amusing sight to see Carole King continually coaching him in the studio over the proper pronunciation of "baby."

At the time of this release the M.C. played at the Rheingold Music Festival in Central Park, opening up for Freddie and the Dreamers (comparison with the Tiny Tim stint is obvious). Slated after this was an appearance at London's Royal Albert Hall, as part of a show featuring Allen Ginsberg's "Creeping Kreplach Non-Profit International Cultural Foundation of Purple People's Art Combine." This never materialized, most likely due to Ginsberg's unsavory nature making him less than desirable, even if he hadn't planned to make the tour. However, the band seems to have been kept somewhat in the dark about the whole affair, indicating that it might have been more a publicity stunt than anything else.

The second single also saw relatively little chart action. Tomorrow's distribution deal with Atco was going down the drain and frustration was beginning to set in on all sides. When Al Aronowitz returned home one evening raving about the Young Rascals, the

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FREE PARKING

Jersey group was effectively discouraged. Nonetheless, they ploughed on and the bad luck that plagued the Myddle Class throughout their career continued to haunt them.

The group did their best to capture the public's attention. While behind the scenes they had been cutting instrumental demos of Goffin-King songs for the Monkees, they were able to call attention to themselves in other ways. Richard Avedon photographed them for bank advertisements, with the catch phrase being something like, "Where do up and coming young businessmen manage their money?". The way the Class were going the possible answers are a cynic's delight, but from the same Avedon session came the photo of Charles Larkey's mug that graced Esquire's cover in 1967. This however was not a direct result of Larkey being in the band, nor was the group featured in the issue.

THE MYDDLE CLASS teach THE MONKEES—after a fashion! This is how it goes—Jerry Goffin and Carol King write the Myddle Class music. They also wrote Last Train To Clarks-ville and other music for The Monkees show. THE MYDDLE CLASS record their Monkee music. The records are sent to the West Coast—the Monkees listen to them—and that's how the Monkees learn the songs written for them by Jerry Goffin and Carol King.

With Tomorrow dissolving, the next important step in the Myddle Class's career was an audition with legendary producer Tom Wilson and MGM Records. This was 1967 and musical heads were turning. No longer the prototypical punk band, the members incorporated more of the diverse elements that influenced them into the Myddle Class sound. Moving to the forefront was Rick's inventiveness on guitar, utilizing his jazzier influences. It's also worth noting that the group was always more eclectic than the standard '66 garage band, with everything from gospel to classical music working its way into the overall scheme of things. Dan Mansolino considers this to be one of the band's problems, in that these multifarious influences did not lead to a cohesive style.

Apparently the Class was in good form at the Wilson audition, but it seems as though Aronowitz nixed the deal. Actions like this can account for a large part of the band's failure. According to Mansolino, the manager insisted on running the entire show and projected a hipper than thou attitude which possibly tended to work against the band's favor. Although I have not heard both sides of the story, certainly there is more to the demise of the Myddle Class than the inability to get that necessary hit.

The final 45 did end up on Tomorrow, but this time the distribution was handled by Cameo-Parkway. The group signed an apparently phenomenal deal, whereby they were granted choice of material and producer, almost unheard of at that time. Alas, the deflated wheels behind the company knew that Cameo was about to go under and

thus any contract would be immediately invalid. Therefore, why not let the kids have their fun? This explains the seemingly generous terms. The group opted for a good, albeit unspectacular version of the Temptation's "Don't Look Back" as the A-side, coupling it with a more experimental Palmer-Philp original, "Wind Chime Laughter." Also recorded were the psychedelic "Man On a Bridge" and "Paper Walls of Innocence."

IT'S A LIE!
Various defamatory statements concerning The Myddle Class have been appearing on the walls of public toilets between Montauk Point and Milwaukee. We wish to issue an emphatic denial.

The major promotional tool for this release was a show for members of the press in New York. Unfortunately, the results were somewhat disastrous. Throughout their career, the Myddle Class was plagued with cases of stage fright. Drummer Myke Roza would often exit the stage in the midst of a performance, ill from an acute attack of nerves. The band would inform the audience that he was suffering from a "relapse of his pneumatic fever." While Charles Larkey may have been flashy on stage, he was also very insecure, a by product of his joining the band before he really knew how to play bass.

This nervousness struck the band at the press gig. It was often misinterpreted as a lack of caring on the band's part, since they seemed to project a "who gives a shit?" attitude. By the time they appeared to have a chance at overcoming this the Myddle Class were in their final stage.

After the dissolution of Cameo-Parkway, Neil Bogart took the group over to Buddah. All the company ever issued was a reissue of "D.L.N.S.T.L." (which if it didn't catch on in '66 certainly didn't stand a chance in the hippy days of '69) and their original recording of "It's the Season," retitled "Lovin' Season" on the Rock and Roll With Buddah sampler in 1970.

The Myddle Class did record an album in Manhattan for the label. Working along the same lines as the final 45, the LP was to showcase such Goffin-King tunes as "Goin' Back" and "Snow Queen." Also slated for inclusion were "Man on a Bridge" and a few of the previously released sides, with new mixes and vocals. As the sound of the group was more album oriented at this juncture a 12" release may have caught on, but...

Alongside all the frustration that had been building up over the years, the major stimulus to the group's disintegration was Rick Philp's decision to pack his bags and head for college

in Boston. Countless young bands were victimized by college and/or the draft in the 60's and the Myddle Class were the rule rather than the exception. Dan Mansolino and Gerry Goffin also headed North, with Dave Palmer making trips to collaborate on new material. Lloyd Baskin joined on piano and vocals and the band went into the studio to record "Keys to the Kingdom," "There's No Easy Way Down," and "Red Beard." The style was consistent and seemed to fit in with the current Boastown sound, but then tragedy struck. In a case where the details still remain obscure and somewhat sordid, Rick Philp was murdered by his roommate.

The surviving members of the band recorded as the Quinames Band for Elektra, a rather personal project undertaken by Jac Holzman. Charles Larkey was in the Fugs at one point, later going out West with future wife Carole King in The City. Larkey had fallen for King during the Myddle Class days and it probably didn't help the band any to have a member in love with their producer's wife. Their marriage lasted a number of years, but apparently Larkey never fully recovered from their separation. Not too long after their divorce Larkey decided to take his own life, fitting in with the dark cloud that seemed to hover over the band. Dan Mansolino is currently a businessman in Manhattan. When last heard from, Dave Palmer and Myke Roza were both in Los Angeles, working with a rather mediocre group with Jersey origins, the Big Wa-Koo. Palmer had previously worked with Steely Dan.

In Mitchell Cohen's standard rock bio of Carole King, he notes that the Myddle Class, "like so many moderately talented East Coast bands never cracked through, never even put out an album... Nobody heard them, the group split, the label folded, that's that. It's not a tragic story, but a typical one." Perhaps to a casual observer. But once the records are listened to closely and the story of the band is delved into a different picture emerges. And although that picture may not be exceedingly bright, Dan Mansolino reflects that the experience was, "tremendous. Without it I'd be incomplete." No doubt a number of Summit area high school students circa 1966 would concur.





ANYTHING BUT appear The Myddle Class, musical quintet of Plainfield, who hope to hit the top of the record world with their first release "Free As the Wind" out this week. Typically improbable photograph is one of a series for publication by John Lynch of Berkeley Heights. Left to right are Dave Palmer of Warren Township, vocalist; Charlie Larkay of Mountaintops, bass; Myke Ross of Berkeley Heights, drummer; Danny Manoline of North Plainfield, organist; and Rick Philip of Warren Township, lead guitarist.



THE
KING BEES



Newcomer Pick

FREE AS THE WIND (2:55)
[Screen Gems-Columbia, BMI—Goffin, King, Philip, Palmer]
GATES OF EDEN (2:37) [M. Witmark, ASCAP—Dylan]
MYDDLE CLASS (Tomorrow 7501)

The Myddle Class are odds-on favorites to establish a national reputation themselves with this impressive bow, "Free As The Wind," on the new Atco-distributed Tomorrow label. The tune is a rhythmic, folk-rockish lament about an unhappy lad who's real busy carrying the torch for his ex-gal. On the undercut, the crew dishes-up an emotion-charged reading of Bob Dylan's "Gates Of Eden."

Wednesday, July 13—8:30
Freddie and The Dreamers, Myddle Class

Musicians Plan Tour

Summit — The Myddle Class, a group of five 18-year-old musicians from the Plainfield area, will start a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour with a concert Dec. 11 at 8 p.m. in Summit High School.

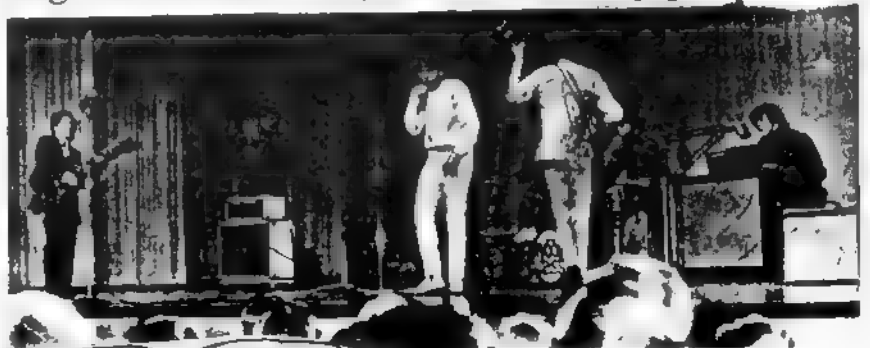
The concert will coincide with the release of the group's first record, "Free as the Wind." Disc jockey Scott Ross will emcee the concert.

Also on the program will be the Velvet Underground, four Greenwich Village artists who play an avant-garde type of folk-rock, and the Forty Fingers, four 14-year-old boys from Springfield.



Combo Set For London Appearance

King Bees Rise To Myddle Class



Jerseyans On Stage

By ROGER HARRIS

With a record, a concert and two riots under its belt, The Myddle Class is starting to eye the upper brackets.

The Myddle Class is the Berkeley Heights-Summit entry in the fiercely competitive rock and roll music field. Their first record, "Free as the Wind," is on the Tomorrow label and is getting a play at the New York disco and on the radio.

The line-up of The Myddle Class — Rick Philip, lead guitarist, and Dave Palmer, vocalist, both of Warren Township; Myke Ross of Berkeley Heights drummer; Charlie Larkay of Mountaintops, bass guitarist, and Danny Manoline of North Plainfield, organist.

The riots were not of much significance as a police matter, but judged by musical standards, they were of considerable importance. This must be viewed in context.



GREG PREVOST enjoys

BREAKFAST with BLASKEY

Lindy Blaskey, alias Lindy Blaschke, is a New Mexico legend. Involved with music from the late 1950's and early 60's, right up to the late 70's, Lindy is responsible for a lot of boss sounds.

In the mid-60's he put out several 45's with his own group, The Lavells, and produced several others in the New Mexico area. Most notable among these are The Striders, Viscount V, Chob, and Burgundy Runn. Most of his productions would end up on Lindy's label, Lavette Records. Many of the groups were managed and booked through him as well. As you can imagine, having a record label, booking agency, a group and production must have driven Lindy BESERK!! In any case, we'll let Lindy tell the story the way it is. Here goes!

Greg: Let's start at the beginning. How did you get into the music business?

Lindy: When I was 4 years old I sang my first song in front of people and they passed the hat. I've been a ham ever since. I started on the piano, playing classical. I got my first guitar in 9th grade, a Martin. I'd buy these "hit" songbooks, complete with the words. One thing led to another, and I started singing at high school assemblies. I put some guys together and we just ran through songs. For the longest time it wasn't to make \$\$\$ or anything, it was just "Blaskey's Band." Then we graduated from high school and I went to the University of New Mexico, which is also here in Albuquerque, which is where I had my first band to make money -- my first year in college. I had two guys in the band; the Ferguson brothers. Bruce played the guitar and Tom was the drummer. Then Jose Martinez from Santa Fe joined as the bass player.

We started that band just to make a little money. It was The Lavells. Our first gig was for \$40 at a party in one of the wings of the dormitory. Then we started playing the Student Union building and shortly after that made our first record. It got on the radio and became a hit. From then on we played gigs all over the place. The record was called "Gonna Be Free," on Red Feather. I had three girl background singers called The Lindells. We made the single on one track all at once. This was around 1961.

We won a "Battle of the Bands" thing on the radio with our record, even though all the other releases were national. This gained us a real strong fan club. From that point on, when we put a record out and it wasn't "Pick of the Week" or if they didn't play it on the radio, whatever, the fan club would force the issue. They'd bury the phone wires till it was played. They'd call during the daytime so that the station couldn't do any business. At that time they weren't into playing local bands on the radio, so this kind of opened the door for a lot of other groups I managed, like The Viscount V, who later changed their name to The Berries. They were a very popular local band consisting of young high school kids. They used to come and see us every time we played. Finally, they came up and said, "We have a group called The Four Speeds (later changed to the Viscount V when they added another member)...", and asked if I'd manage them.

Greg: Why did you start your own label?

Lindy: I started a label to put my records on and ended up putting mostly other groups on it. The only record of ours that ended up on Lavette was "Wine Wine Wine," which was one of the biggest hits we ever had. This was probably around 1963. On the flip was a tune I co-wrote with an older lady that called me on the phone and thought we had a real good sound. She wrote some words. I was always interested in seeing what kind of words people had, so I took the ones she had, it was almost like a poem, and put music to it. It was called "Meet Me Tonight In Your Dreams."

When "Wine Wine Wine" came out, radio stations didn't want to play it, but they did based on the success of the first record. It became an overnight hit, and churches in this whole part of the country raised all kinds of hell (I'm not touching that line - Ed.) and succeeded in getting it banned on some of the stations. All that did was two things: 1. It made sales go even more. 2. They flipped it over and it became a two-sided hit. It was an Elvis Presley type thing.

Anyway, we did that record and this lady, based on its success, said she was starting up a small label (Space) and wanted us to be the first group on it. At that point we went through kind of a let me think...Bruce Ferguson's grades were getting bad and he had to quit, so I replaced him with Pete May. I guess that happened right before "Wine Wine Wine." At that point I was paying the guys to play gigs, guaranteeing them money.

I became the business manager, owner of the name, and all that stuff. Somebody had to do it. Everything was put on my shoulders. When we joined the union, I became leader of the band -- the scale was a lot different then and the leader always got double.

Greg: What about your booking agency?

Lindy: I became a promotion man, producer, songwriter, singer, and I formed the booking agency that became the largest in the state. As things went on, I brought in The Beach Boys, Paul Revere and the Raiders, and a number of acts that we played with. I had The Beach Boys here three times. On one of those occasions they heard us doing "Wine Wine Wine," which led to them doing it on one of their albums (either Lindy is referring to "Papa Oom Mow Mow" or this must be the rarest Beach Boys l.p. in existence! - Ed.). They asked for a copy of the record and said they wanted to do it sometime. Too bad I hadn't written the song!

When this lady formed her record company, the deal was we would sign with the company and she'd pay all of the guys to play on the record, or else they could take a percentage of the sales. It's real funny how people are, because the deals I made were totally based on percentages, and the guys in the band wanted cash. So they got paid a straight fee to play. I could always take a gamble. She put up all the money and pressed the record as well. That's the kind of thing I did with all these other bands on Lavette.

Greg: How many copies were usually pressed on your label?

Lindy: Around 5,000 usually.

Greg: So a group like The Burgundy Runn had 5,000 copies pressed?

Lindy: No, not The Burgundy Runn, they didn't have the sales to justify that. The Burgundy Runn had 500 copies. They were never really a big group. It got on the charts locally, but it was nothing compared with "Midnight Hour" by The Berries, which was #1 here locally for six weeks. It depended on the money the groups were making. Actually, the reason why groups like The Burgundy Runn and some of those other bands got to make records was because my booking agency became so successful. I would always have people calling for my band, The Viscount V, and The Striders, so I'd have everybody calling for three bands that could only play one gig a night! I had a need for some other bands, so I would book The Burgundy Runn, Chob...

Greg: What does Chob mean?

Lindy: I haven't got a clue! They may have told me at the time, but I really don't know. 500 copies were pressed of the Chob 45 too. The biggest successes on my label were probably "Midnight Hour" by The Berries, until I leased it to Challenge Records, and "Wine Wine Wine" by my group. Another was "Sorrow" by The Striders, prior to my leasing it to Columbia.

Greg: What about the different flip on the Columbia version?





THE BLASKEY SOUND 6/14/66

Lindy: The flip on Columbia was a song I'd written, rather than the Jackie De Shannon song, so we could control the publishing in writers' royalties. I took The Striders on a tour to Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Tucson, and back to Albuquerque.

Greg: What was happening with your group at this time?

Lindy: By that time we had cut our first record for Space, "My Baby Done Left Me / 'I'll Get Along Somehow." We were influenced by the Rolling Stones at that point. It got up to #3 or 4 and then they flipped the record and "I'll Get..." got to #1 and stayed there for two or three weeks. It just sold, sold and sold! We sold a lot of records -- it was fortunate that we kept putting out two-sided hits! We put out another record, "You Ain't Tuff," and it got "Pick Hit of the Week" and all this kind of good stuff.

At this point it was really selling well, so I leased it to Challenge Records and they tried promoting it nationally. I brought the Knickerbockers to town, here in Santa Fe.

Greg: What was the story with The Striders?

Lindy: The deal with The Striders enabled me to go out to California and record in their studios. I cut The Striders' follow-up, "There's A Storm Comin'." They wanted to do that song; it was by The Standells. Their first 45 was "Gimme A Break" on Delta. They got the title from since I always say to them, "Gimme a break!" Delta was owned by John Wagner, who also owned a recording studio. I wrote the flip, "Say You Love Me."



In any case, at that point in The Striders' career they were a little bit jealous of the Viscount V, because I had done "Cherry Red Vette" and sung a bunch of background parts with them, and the record went to #1 like BOOM. The jealousy came about because The Striders were the first group I had taken under my wings. They intended to do the song that I had written, but they were going to do it on John's label, so I said fine. That way they could make all the money from the sale of the records, because all Delta did was put out the disc. John wasn't going to distribute it, or do anything with it, so he'd say you guys can make the money from the record. It got in the Top Ten but it wasn't as big as everyone hoped it would be. After they saw what was going on with the Viscount V, whose second record, "My Angel," also went to #1, they decided to put "Sorrow" on Lavette and let Lindy do his thing.

Greg: How did you discover all these bands you recorded?

Lindy: I kind of had a monopoly in the state, although it wasn't a real monopoly because there were other people putting records out. I had a really good name as a promoter, so that's where all these little groups like The Kartune Kapers came from. Another was The Monkey Men, called The Piggy Bank on my label. As The Monkey Men they had a couple of hits on a little label called Q-Q Records, then they came to me and wanted something professional. We had opened a flood gate for all these groups. By 1967 I had graduated from college and decided that I'd like to go out to Los Angeles and give it a try, not as a performer, but as a booking agent and producer.

When I left, The Striders moved out too, and I tried to get them going because they were on Columbia, but they didn't really have their backing and I didn't have a lot of weight with them at that point. Then the band got into the San Francisco drug syndrome, and that messed them up pretty good, the result being that the band broke up.

At that point in time I had started working for Liberty Records. I became very interested in music publishing, whereas everyone else was into production.

Greg: Did you keep tabs on any of the bands you had worked with?

Lindy: Along with the drug problem, the Vietnam war also took its toll on The Striders, because a couple of the guys got drafted. One of them got killed in this country when he got back, in a car accident. The Berries played the first few years I lived in L.A. They put themselves through college and became their own managers, kinda like what my band did, then they broke up. The rest of the bands seem to have just dissolved and gone different ways.

Greg: What about the Viet Nam 45 you did?

Lindy: "Out Here In Viet Nam" / "What's Her Name?" on Lavette...The Catholic Church asked me to write a song memorial to this fellow who threw himself on a grenade to save his friends, and it was

Band Reports New Record

A local rock 'n' roll band, Lindy and the LaVells, has announced release of its latest record, "Papa - Ommi-Mow - Mow," backed by "Would You Believe."

On Space Records, the selections have already been well received, Lindy Blaskey, band leader, said.

Band members are Danny Valdez, bass guitar, employee by Ponca Wholesale Co. Steve Maase, lead guitar, Lotsa Burger, and Chuck Buckley, drums, formerly of Holly-wood, Calif., Coronado Wrecking Co.

Student at UNM

Mr. Blaskey is a University of New Mexico student and owner of Lavette Records, Lindell Publishing Co. (BMI-affiliated) and Lindy Blaskey Productions.

Producer of records for several bands, Blaskey is in New York studying offers from major firms as both a producer and artist.

The latest record was cut here at John Wagner Studios, which recently moved into new quarters at 227 Sierra SE.

Blues Specialist

Mr. Wagner, former lead guitar player in Lindy and the LaVells, also produces and arranges records, specializing in rhythm and blues.

He recently purchased a \$5,000 Selsync three-track tape recorder which boosts his equipment value to \$25,000, he said. He added that he has the most advanced equipment available.



LINDY BLASKEY

mentioned on The Ed Sullivan Show. He was from Albuquerque and belonged to the church there. I wrote the music. I didn't want my group involved with Vietnam or anything like that. The flip was very influenced by Bob Dylan. This was around 1966. The church got it on the radio too! They made 5,000 copies and distributed it as well.



LINDY BLASKEY DISCOGRAPHY 1981-88

Lindy & the Lavelle - Gonna Be Free/There's My Baby Red Feather No 2 1981

LAVETTE LABEL (Either Lindy's groups or those he produced)

- LA 5001 Lindy & the Lavelle - Wine Wine Wine/Meet Me Tonight... 1983
- LA 5003 Viscount V - Cherry Red Yette/Anna 1985
- LA 5005 Lindy Blaskey - Out Here in Viet Nam/What's Her Name 1986
- LA 5007 Striders - Sorrow/When You Walk in the Room 1986
- LA 5010 Viscount V - My Angel/She Doesn't Know 1986
- LA 5011 Serries - Midnight Hour/Sand & Sea 1986
- LA 5013 Burgundy Runn - How Far Up Is Down/Stop 1986
- LA 5015 The Chob - We're Pretty Quick/Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart... 1986
- LA 5018 Piggy Bank - Thoughts of You/Play With Fire 1986

SPACE LABEL

- SR 0003 Lindy Blaskey & the Lavelle - My Baby Done Left Me/ I'll Get Along Somehow 1985
- SR 0005 Lindy Blaskey & the Lavelle - Papa Don How How/Would You Believe '85
- SR 0007 " " " " - You Ain't Tuff/Let it Be '86
- SR 0010 " " " " - Secrets For My Sweet/Havin' Away '86
- SR 0012 Kartune Kapers - On the Plains/Knock On Wood '86

OTHER LABELS (National, etc.)

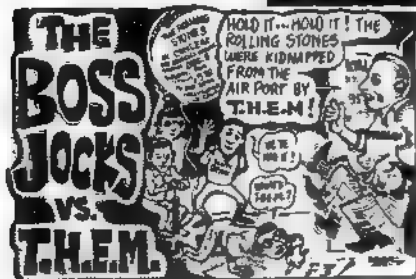
- Serries - Midnight Hour/Sand & Sea Challenge 58368 '86
- L. Blaskey & the Lavelle - You Ain't Tuff/Let it Be Challenge 59354
- Striders - Give Me A Break/Say You Love Me Delta R2137 '85 Sept. '86
- " - There's A Storm Comin'/Am I On Your Mind Columbia 4-43948 12/86
- " - Sorrow/Say You Love Me Columbia 4-43736 9/86



AT RECORDING SESSION: Lindy and the LaVells join John Wagner (left) in his studio to listen to the tape of their latest record, "Papa-

Omm-Mow-Mow." The LaVells are (from left in rear) Chuck Buckley, Danny Valdez, leader Lindy Blaskey and Steve Maase. (Staff photo)

93/KHJ



THE STONES ARE ROLLING IN IT



THE SECRET WORLD OF OG

WHAT I DID ON MY by Ognir SUMMER VACATION

219466

YOUR
NUMBER

66

WHEN CALLED
IT'S YOUR TURN
FOR SERVICE

When I think of primitive places, I think of Rochester, N.Y. (second to Bed-rock of course!). Home of Vic & Irv's, Seabreeze Amusement Park, and the Armand Schaubroock mansion. Musically, home to the Young Tyrants, Third Bardo, Heard, and those Armand classics. Last but not least, THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS, who keep the cave torch lit to B.C. '66.

Last June I had the savage opportunity to visit Rochester for a weekend with my woman Rachel, flamboyant Todd A., Miriam (alias lead-foot Linna) and that primitive man, Billy Miller.

Our journey started on an early Friday morning. We were loaded up with plenty of tall buds, weenies and some primitive cave grub Miriam had made. We took off with Miriam at the helm - I thought Goggles Piazano was behind the wheel! We hit up a couple of garage sales and later stopped at a roadside rest to fire up the Safari Grill, making for one hell of a feast.

Once again, we found ourselves on the Beatin' Path right into Rochester. We decided to go sight-seeing, which is what you call it when you're lost and don't want to admit it. Man, what a primitive place! Everyone has an obsession of keeping an immaculate lawn so they can play golf in their front yards.

Eventually, we wound up at the House of Guitars. We hung out with the boys and looked at records.

Afterwards, we headed out to Rick & Sandy's digs and were greeted at the door by Elmo, the marmaduke of the Chesterfield Kings. Suddenly, a cave man walked in the door. This was when I was introduced to Jim Havalock - whatta savage guy! He handed me a beer and I knew we were both chiseled out of the same rock.

All of us were hungry, so we piled into Havalock's van and headed for the famous Vic & Irv's. Man, talk about

primitive places! I had thought burger joints like Vic & Irv's were extinct! (Just wishful thinking -Ed.). Thank God I was wrong! Ten strong, we strolled up to the counter and the Bern-ettes (Rochester's version of female bah-head bangers. Berns are guys.) taking out order turned pale.

We chowed down out in the parking lot and raved up on the tunes. Primitive fuzz echoed off the lake. The ensuing ride back to Rick's house was an experience in itself. With his bird at the wheel, and Jim on the windshield, we made it back in no time flat. I think Havalock and Mr. Magoo have a lot in common.

The next afternoon, we went sight-seeing at Lake Ontario. I pictured Viking ships skimming across the waves. While driving around some more, we all noticed how many donut shops exist in Rochester. Man, THEY REALLY LOVE DONUTS! Maybe they use 'em instead of golf tees or somethin'!

Several hours later we became hungry and went looking for Campi's - "home of the steak bomb." We drove and drove but couldn't find the place. By this time me & Billy were chewing on the seats and suddenly they appeared: the tantalizing golden arches. We quickly ran in and had a satisfying dinner. Too bad they don't have White Castles!

Before we knew it, it was time to go to Scorgie's. Wow, man, whatta swingin' place! It reminded me of a fat CBGB's. One of the greatest features was the bar. They have antique glass door & oak refrigerators so you can peek in at the grog selection. And there it was: primitive Foster lager death charges! Man, if only Phil May had been there...

By this time, Rachel & Miriam were seeing their finest hour and it was time for the Kings to take the stage. All the birds in the audience were goin' wild and screaming their lungs out! The



band came on and did one of the most ravin'est sets I've ever seen. And Greg, whatta savage! He did everything but chew the linoleum of the floor! After seeing everyone groovin' to the tunes I came to the conclusion that the Chesterfield Kings are definitely cave-men banging rocks together. Everyone hung out in the dressing room for a while, where once again Havalock and I gulped the grog. It was soon time to leave and we all parted ways.

The next day we were all invited to a cook-out at Rick & Sandy's house. The grub was superb! Everyone had a blast. One of the highlights of the day was the badminton championship involving the rockabilly and racketbilly guys.

The sun began to set and it was time to leave. All packed up and ready to go, we bid our fond farewells and headed back to N.Y.C.. The home of White Castle, cave high-rises, and Grand Master Flash (shit, scamp! Turn the car around!).

I'd like to thank all the cave kings, their birds, Jim H., King Farouk & Bruce P. for their primitive hospitality. And the city of Rochester, where prairie fuzz still rules!

hot dog!

17



Ognir greeted by the Rochester Welcome Wagon.



stars of HOLLYWOOD

PERCY HELTON

by dennis diken



HELTON, PERCY (1894-). American character actor, a small round figure with a face which perfectly expresses surprise, bewilderment or dismay, and a high-pitched voice to match. *Miracle on 34th Street* (47), *My Friend Irma* (49), *A Star is Born* (54), innumerable others.

Percy Helton is the grandest of character actors - my favorite actor, period. You know him well, though you may not realize it. For these days, we can utilize large doses of Mr. H in our daily lives. Fortunately, with some video schedule searching this opportunity may not be far from impossible.

I can recall seeing Percy ever since I can remember watching television. And you probably do too. Perhaps you recollect an episode of the *Abbot & Costello Show* where the boys' car breaks down and they follow their noses to the smell of brewing coffee at the camp of several hobos. A classic scene evolves. Lou hides a pilfered chicken under his coat and entertains the sheriff with their "common hobby" of imitating bird calls until the jig is finally up and the hobos run away, leaving Lou holding the bird. Well, the finest of those buns is Percy.

Or maybe you've seen him in *The Twilight Zone* as one of the patrons in a western bar (ca. 1800's) paying handsome sums to have a departed loved one brought back from the beyond by a travelling trickster. Also taking place at a bar is his portrayal of Mr. Brewster, Presley's almost boss to be in *Jailhouse Rock*. In Robert Siodmak's excellent *Cries Cross* he actually runs the bar. And you simply haven't lived until you've viewed Percy Helton as the greedy morgue attendant who gets his fingers jammed in a drawer by Ralph Meeker in the screen version of Mickey Spillane's *Kiss Me Deadly*. For you record enthusiasts, check the opening cut on the film soundtrack of *The Music Man*. You'll hear Helton as a train conductor in charge.

It really seems that Percy appeared in at least one episode of every TV series ever run up until the seventies. Bonanza, Hazel, Bewitched, three episodes of Green Acres. There are countless appearances by this great in both film & TV, too numerous to mention.

Hopefully by now you're saying, "Oh, that guy."



He usually portrayed the aforementioned type roles, the usual "character" bits. But he truly added so much more than any other such thespian I've viewed. There was always a unique air, a strange charm that set him apart from other faces in the crowd. It wasn't only his physical appearance, although he does look quite striking: mouth usually open somewhat, eyebrows perched, huddled, cringing, very short, with his face resembling a turtle's. What most people seem to remember about this guy is his voice - squeaky, piercing at times though never shrill - gasps alot, too (At times he is compared with fellow talented character actor John Fiedler in this department.).

Every one of us have actually encountered Percy Helton at least once, far back in our memories. He does not seem to be like he could be your uncle, let alone your dad. Maybe a shopkeeper at a small store where you bought something on a family trip as a child; a guy running the Tilt-A-Whirl at the travelling carnival that comes once a year or so; maybe a janitor you saw just once when you were real young with your mom (definetly not at school though - probably a dry goods store and you wanted to go home). If he had to be related he could be an older second cousin (you know, those older kind nobody can believe is any kind of cousin) that no one ever sees except for funerals and lives in some suburb of Chicago.

But...the place we probably all really know Percy Helton from is our dreams. His personality is definetly real different and special, one that we only find in our dreams. The kind of spirit that is in a cool, otherwise unobtainable realm and when you wake up you can't put your fingers on how to describe this guy to anyone. The kind of figure your mother feared you would conjure in your imagination from reading comic books or watching Chiller Theatre. He could have been your mind's eye picture of the boogie man.

Sadly, Percy left us some years ago. We can fill this void by enjoying current talents like Lou Jacobi and Vince Gardenia, though in a different bag than Percy. In a brighter light, through the eternal magical preservation of film and the wizardry of television, we can thankfully be treated to Percy Helton's wondrous talent and extensive body of work.

Character actors are often unsung geniuses. Due to the nature of their casting, their unique gifts to us are immortalized only by their visual recognition. Hopefully this reminder of Helton to those of you who were not introduced to him by name previously will cause you to no longer watch his greatness and excitedly and knowingly exclaim, "oh, that guy."



Helton mistakenly asks Ralph Meeker to give to the United Way in *Kiss Me Deadly* (1955).



A scene from the 1950 film "Night and the City" production

In 1947 20th Century Fox extracted actor Richard Widmark from a disarmingly tame career in radio and Broadway in order to play opposite terminal stiff Victor Mature in a standard crime programmer called *Kiss of Death*. Widmark's characterization of punk/sadist Tommy Udo was a vision of degenerate zeal that completely stole the picture. Udo's pallid beady-eyed face went from pudding to granite with the twitch of a lip, under a slouch brim the size of a manhole cover. The capper, though, on a performance of sublime leering cruelty was the giggle.

Tommy Udo, house exterminator for the Combination, really loved his work. As it involved fun stuff like pushing crippled old lady stoolies in wheelchairs down steps he couldn't help but giggle. If my mother ever made a noise that even came close to that giggle I swear to God I'd drown her and drive a stake through her heart. Teeth slightly apart, tongue sticking out, Widmark's piggy face shook as he giggled while tying the old bag to the wheelchair with her own phone cord; a crazy staccato bubble of carefree psychotic menace as infectious as a lap full of maggots.

Following this remarkable debut, Widmark had another go at a bunch of good guy squares in *Road House* (1948). Wilted by Ida Lupino and betrayed by Cornel Wilde, Widmark, playing Jefty the club owner, totally flips and indulges in some incredibly cruel psychological torture. Pinning an easy frame on Wilde, he puts the happy couple in a legal hammerlock and slowly turns the screws. Widmark is able to drown out their self righteous yelps with that lizard laugh. Later that same year he reprised his Tommy Udo role more precisely in Mark Stevens' *The Street With No Name*. Here he is the leader of a syndicate who seems to possess a unique allergy to fresh air.

Perhaps Widmark's most remarkable role is in Jules Dassin's *Night and the City* (1950). In this brilliant film our man plays Harry Fabian, the cheap little tout for a divey London clip joint. Mary a giggle this time, just the heart breaking destruction of a hustling punk with big ideas who takes on the pro wrestling establishment in London (The greatest premise for a film ever-ed.) and gets pile-driven by fate. An unbelievable performance by Widmark and a downbeat corkscrew ending hard enough to crack your skull.

ON THE SCREEN

By HOWARD BARNES

Murky and Violent

AN ASTRINGENT melodrama based on the exploits of a London tout who is always running away from his past has been filmed in London by Twentieth Century-Fox. "Night and the City" has the great advantage of authentic atmosphere, well-defined acting and fluent direction. The plot veers between night clubs and wrestling rings with a great deal of mayhem and shady doings. Richard Widmark, Francis L. Sullivan, Gene Tierney and Google Withers handle the principal roles rapidly, while the climax is as violent as one might have expected from the opening sequence.

The film is far more of a character study than an out-and-out thriller. Jo Eisinger's adaptation of the Gerald Kersh novel concentrates on a crooked hustler for a cabaret, who is constantly dreaming of the big-time money. That Widmark makes the character extremely convincing is something of a triumph for the actor. Whether he is having a liaison with his boss's wife, or planning big deals in the grunt-and-groan business, he is fantastically vicious and pathetic. "All you need is brains and guts," he says, as Sullivan signs his death warrant by telling him that he is already a dead man.

Excerpt from N.Y. Herald Tribune review 6/10/50.

In 1950 Widmark also got to play a hysterical racist monster heavily slurring oh-so-pious Sidney Poitier in *No Way Out*. Sidney greased the little creep in the end, but not before our boy let loose a torrent of beserk racist lies and chased Dr. Poitier around his living room with a broken leg and a revolver. Finally, Widmark gave us Skip McCoy, the three time loser in Sam Fuller's *Pickup On South Street*. Having snatched the wrong purse McCoy finds himself embedded in a comic microfilm switch. "Do you know what communism is?", the cloddish G-men ask him. "Who cares?" he spits back, making a face like he just caught a whiff of something extremely unpleasant. McCoy is also quite the ladies' man. He courts comic dupe Jean Peters by sucker punching her in the jaw, then rubbing her face and addressing her as, "Muffin."

Since *Pickup* Widmark has doggedly tried to stake off his slimy type cast image and in the process has buried himself in an avalanche of lousy roles. These occur mainly in a picture drek like *Judgement at Nuremberg* and *Against All Odds*. The same age related lack of judgement that keeps your parents from buying Stooges records has allowed Widmark to commit artistic Hari-kiri with the help of no-talent boobs like Sidney Lumet and Taylor Hackford. However, no amount of lackluster performances in miserable movies could ever completely wipe out his great character genius. In Tommy Udo's own words, he was, "A big man, yeah, a REAL big man. Hee hee hee hee."



Widmark taunts "Muffin" from an odd angle.

LYRES

The burg of Darien nestles unassumingly in the industrial southwest corner of Fairfield County, Connecticut, and may have passed quietly through the state's history had it not been for the arrival of blue eyed baby Jeffrey Lynn to Ma & Pa Conolly in the spring of 1956. Of course a slight commotion was experienced in Fairfield County ten years later, when teen combo the Hangmen waxed wet & wild with one heckuva cryptic platter called "Stacey." (currently available on Hipsville 29 B.C.-ed.) At any rate, little is known of his beginnings, except that the neighbors sighed with relief when "that Conolly boy" left home for Boston - the hub of civilization (i.e. Buzzy's Roast Beef-ed.) and a veritable Mecca for any savage young barbarian.

Young Jeffrey's excitable personality mushroomed in the land of dirty water and soon all digressions toward humility, modesty, and introspection were long gone, and in their place was one souvenir-gator-getting-too-big-for-the-bathtub guy who now travelled under the alias of Mono Mann, havin discovered the not so subtle superiority of monophonic recordings. He spouted a philosophy nutshelled in the phrase "Go Mental," and single-handedly revived and revised the frustrated Sound and Feeling of the great rock'n'roll music of our generation.

The latter has been accomplished through the exploitation of many poor souls who have come and gone, all scarred by the experience. However, some have returned like faithful hounds to a heartless master, 'cause when you're talking about J.C. you're talking real live PERSON-ality, pals. If you say, "I met him and he was real NICE," you musta met some semi-surfaced alias, 'cause the real Mono Mann (or Mono JEFF, as he was dubbed last spring by the magnificent Milochi, Eskew Reeder Jr., himself) is hardly your average "Hi, howarya" kinda fella.

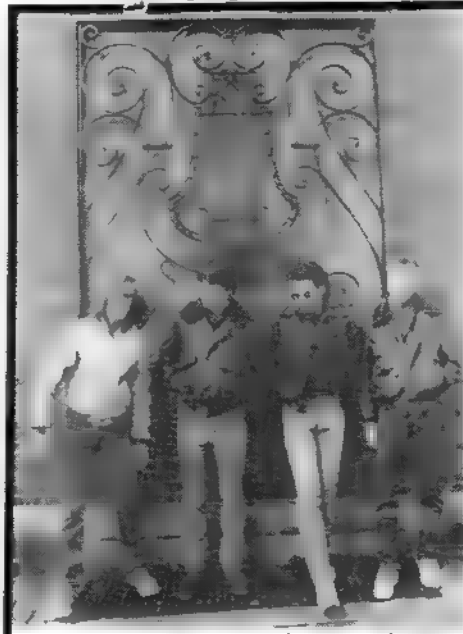
At any rate, Mono's been doublin', bubblin' and troublin' with his cauldron for some time now, toiling first through the many phases of DMZ (who were always a joy to behold, regardless of the personnel clashes) and lately (c.1979) with a veritable cast of thousands filling in as his Lyres. This guy is dwelling in some twilight realm with high beams in dense fog cover, fueled with an almost indecent knowledge of rock'n'roll. And I don't mean fax & info/matrix # knowledge--I mean "understanding." Hallelujah!

This feeling of might that comes from hearing, really HEARING good music, in the Andy Griffith, "Now that's GOOD!" sense, makes ya wanna roll around with some animal pals, like spiders & snakes f'rinstance!!! Is it REALLY necessary to go quite this far, you ask? Yes, I say. OH, YEAH! 'Cause after an overwhelmingly wonderful debut single, a most desirable 12" EP, and another sensational single comes one super boss longplayer. Yeah, it's hot. In fact it's called...ON FYRE.

LYRES

Big "M" is backed by his original beaten cubs on this platter: Paul Murphy and Rick Coraccio on drums and bass respectively (these DMZ veterans will inevitably end up sleeping on their master's grave with his ole slippers under their chins) and a new youngster, Danny McCormack on the longhorn Dan Electro which matches Rick's bass. And man, them gee-tars are the best!

It's spontaneous combustion from track one, side one! A remake of their classic first-born, "Don't Give It Up Now" coems fading in with a blast furnace-ful of advice for the Lost Ones from a guy who knows; with his proverb being "DON'T EVER LET PEOPLE KNOW...". This track sparks off the rest of the album with a mindbending, wonderfully untrendy, and subtly anti-bandwagon chain of sound that's going to throw a lot of



Unrecorded Lyres (c.1982): Mono Jeff, Paul Murphy, Peter Greenberg, Phil Lenker.

folks for a loop. Most obvious is the absence of fuzztone, which is great but has been vastly overblown by so-called garage bands nowadays who seem to put "fuzzbox" on top of their shopping lists along with sugarcubes, hairspray, and lava lights. There's also a lack of "bad trip" type void-breaks, where the drums stop and there's an echo-v voice sayin' stuff like, "Where am I?", "What year is it?", and "Why is a carrot more orange than an orange?"

What you get instead is a solid, glorious barrage of danceable music, with the drums & bass restrainedly roaring along with a dedicated thump-thump throughout and the guitar set on a precarious level of tremelo. The organ drones and drives along without any roller-rinkiness or cutesy Munnery. If there must be a definition for the organ sound, in a word it's gotta be "regal," meaning right, proud and honest. And all three of them thar

by MIRIAM LINNA

woids equal power, and STRENGTH is what good music is all about. And don't let any snooty guys or gals tell ya that rock'n'roll ain't music. It's the GREATEST MUSIC EVER MADE. The vocals are stronger here than on the 45 version; when the singing wavers it's all the better.

When "Don't Give It Up" fades out like it faded in there's no relaxing, 'cause another ol' family favorite scorches out in "Help You Ann," a savage stomper with a beat that's used to thresh out Mau Maus in Mozambique. This was recorded prior to the lp and Savage Peter Greenberg's guitar is set on maximum reverb or tremelo or whatever the heck makes that vibrating wavering sound. The break is reminiscent somehow (to me, at least) of Hawaii Five-0 and it's all over too soon and...don't sid-down yet!! Out flashes...no, can it be? YAKHOOWEE! The New Colony Six's Leslie-fied midwest magnanimity, "I Confess," which features such archaic usage as, "I confess to have a willingness and wanting for you." This gets a personal, un-Lesliefied treatment. It should keep all you kids bantering for rave covers satisfied. Any NC6 neophytes: If you liked this 'un, please run out and get the re-ish of the BREAKTHROUGH lp.

El Jefferio's been heard ranting about Ray Davies stealing his "You Really Got Me" riffs offa the next tune, "I'm Telling You Girl," a psychotic screamer with scary changes, wild action, and Total Vocalizing - there ain't a better singer hither or yon when it comes to "aw-tistic interpretation." All of these here wails and groans and growls and shrieks and singing are from the heart.

The side closes with a no-bones tribute to the kin of the man who stole the aforesaid riffs in "Love Me Till The Sun Shines." This one's a goodie. And you can bet your booties that a guy who has no qualms about getting on stage fresh off a shift at the local chow dump wearing greasy kitchen whites (reminiscent of nut-house whites, only no restrainer straps) is at the very least SINCERE. He's a little more concerned with making music you wanna thrive and jive to than putting on a fashion show for the new Psychedelic Achievers who are waiting for some strobe lights to simulate an LSD-25 experience.

Well, if you like-um Kinks like Mono do, yer gonna sit up and bark with joy about he fact that side two starts up wher we left off, with another wild one-a bizarre, haunting version of "Tired of Waiting." It's reconstructed on what has come to be known and respected as the basis of the Lyres' inimitable sound: a rhythm so rickety, so wicked, so OFF, so doggone ON that--UNGOWA!! Eets GOOD! That scientific approach to tambourine is relentless, unstoppable, and UNTOPEABLE! And that tremulous blur of guitar and organ rolling along amid that satanically plodding beat pushing the definitions of the verbs "to tire" and "to wait" to their etymological absolutes. Yup, this is the tambourine side of ON FYRE for sure. It drives right into the fantastic original

"Dolly," an off-beat wailer with unbelievably coherent changes, comin' at you when ya least expect 'em. Again there's a repetitive organ riff grinding away with a deliciously tinny guitar daring a few knits & purrs in a disturbing solo, to say the least.

"Soapy" has been a hands-down live favorite for the Lyres, and it comes off sensational here. Destructive macho screamer that takes a basically bad song (by Mickey and the Clean Cuts) and turns it into a classic adolescent reverber. It's one fast-paced, summertime sexy shout that simply CAN'T be improved on.

You can't exactly "Go, go, go with Ringo, Paul, George and Johnnie too" anymore, but you know, ole Pete's still around and Mono's got to be his biggest fan. He's GOT to send Pete a tape of his cover of Pete Best's beautiful, "The Way I Feel About You," which starts off with guitar chords reminiscent of "You're Gonna Miss Me." It's a majestic rendition, pure 100% fantastic rock'n' roll. The tambourine slams evenly throughout. It's sad that the first fifty times I heard the song I thought there was a line in there: "I feel HAPPY 'cause I feel so BLUE," because that line is the essence to reality as we know it! I just listened to it again and it hits me that the line is probably, "I can't help it 'cause I feel so blue." But who cares anyway, since profoundness is in the ear of the beholder anyway, or so they say.

Good Lord!! Wait! There's one more; my personal #1 fave on the album. It's cool it's the last one - all the build-up is fantastic. It packs the legal limit of emotion & restraint into the closing grooves, and Mono singing with conviction, aye, a wondrous thing, that. The song oozes greatness, the perfect weapon for battle, or should I say defense. To wit: If you're skeet shooting all these recent attempts go shooting up and their vinyl breaks into splinters right away. This 'un'd go up, you'd miss every shot and the disc would come barrelling back and cut you in half like a penny dropped from the Empire State Building.

So...after all these years of trying-and I don't mean trying to "make it" or trying to please anybody, or even trying to make "a good record," Mono has managed to record this record he's wanted to make from the beginning. And dig the fact that this platter was recorded LIVE IN THE STUDIO except for the occasional vocal overdubs. Alpha & Omega Lyres. E. Pluribus Mono Jeff. Great Caesar's Ghost! This lp's a first-rate rocker thru and thru... a real joy in every way. On Fyre, indeed.

SAMUEL FULLER

THE NAKED KISS

A prostitute-turned-nurse (Constance Towers) finds sleaziness and perversity in small-town America. (1963) 4:30, 8:05

SHOCK CORRIDOR An ambitious reporter (Peter Breck) in search of a Pulitzer Prize gets more than he bargains for when he commits himself to an insane asylum. (1963) 6:15, 9:50



- 7 AM** **MORNING SHOW**
Guests: Bob Eubanks and wrestling manager Fred Blassie. (90 min.)
- 20 FLINTSTONES—Cartoon**
- 20 PELICULA—Comedia**
"El profesor hippie." Luis Sandrini, Soledad Silveira. (2 hrs.)
- 20 BOZO'S BIG TOP—Children**
- 10 LIVEWIRE—Teen-agers**
How teen-agers can help troubled parents. Host: Fred Newman. (60 min.)
- 10 JOE FRANKLIN—Interview**

- Noon** **40 MOVIE—Comedy**
"Beach Ball." (1965) Music, bikinis and college romance. Dick Edd Byrnes. Susan Chris Noel. Deborah Gail Gilmore. (2 hrs.) [Time approximate.]
- 50 BATMAN—Adventure**
Batman hangs 10 to keep the Joker from winning a local surfing championship. Surfing footage by Bruce Brown, who filmed "The Endless Summer." Joker: Cesar Romero.
- 50 FAMILY FEUD—Game**
"Hawaiian Eye" vs. "Gilligan's Island," including Troy Donahue, Jim Backus.
- 10 MOVIE—Musical**
"Muscle Beach Party." (1964) Musclemen, teen-age surfers and a sexy countess frolic on and off shore. Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, Luciana Paluzzi. (2 hrs.)
- 10 MOVIE—Comedy**
"The Girls on the Beach." (1965) Not rated; they gambol to the music of the Beach Boys, Lesley Gore, and the Crickets. Duke: Martin West. Selma. Noreen Corcoran. (80 min.)

- 10 SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN—Adventure**
A rock star (Sonny Bono) is accused of being a courier for an espionage ring. Steve: Lee Majors. Crawford: Fred Holliday. (80 min.)
- 50 BATMAN—Adventure**
Part 1. The Catwoman (Julie Newmar) attacks the world of rock 'n' roll.
- 20 MOVIE—Drama**
"Psych-Out." (1968) The adventures of a deaf young runaway (Susan Strasberg) searching for her brother among the flower children. Stoney: Jack Nicholson. (1 hr., 40 min.)
- 20 ROWAN & MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN**
The Monkees are the guests. Regulars: Judy Carne, Goldie Hawn.
- 10 HONEYMOONERS—Comedy**
Ralph glides into trouble at a roller-skating rink. Ralph: Jackie Gleason. Norton: Art Carney.
- 20 OUTER LIMITS**
The rulers of Zant, incapable of executing their criminals, send them into exile on Earth. Graves: Michael Tolan. (60 min.)
- 20 OVER EASY (CC)**
Harriet Nelson. (Repeat)
- 10 TWILIGHT ZONE—Drama**
Rock 'n' roll singer Floyd Burney (Gary Crosby) searches the backwoods for an authentic folk tune that he can turn into a hit.

- 10 DRAGNET—Crime Drama**
An episode about the effects of LSD and marijuana, and the rights of the individual. Friday: Jack Webb.

O.K....so this listing may be a little far-fetched... but with a cable and a good imagination anything's possible!

- 6 PM** **20 DRAG RACING**
10 1967 GREEN BAY PACKERS HIGHLIGHTS
- 10 MOVIE—Drama**
"Safe at Home." (1962) Baseball's Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris, Whitey Ford and Ralph Houk portray themselves in this tale of a youngster (Bryan Russell) who's determined to meet his idols. (2 hrs.)
- 10 MOVIE—Documentary**
"The Endless Summer." (1966) Not rated; Bruce Brown's beautifully photographed account of a round-the-world trip with two surfers (Mike Hynson, Robert August) seeking "the perfect wave." (90 min.)
- 10 GREATEST SPORTS LEGENDS**
A tribute to Bruno Sammartino, who held the world's pro-wrestling title for 12 years.
- 10 BASEBALL**
The New York Mets at the Chicago Cubs. (Live)
- 9 PM** **50 FELIX THE CAT—Cartoon**
- 10 JETSONS—Cartoon**
- 50 BULLWINKLE—Cartoon**
- 10 MR. MAGOO—Cartoon**
- 20 TENNESSEE TUXEDO—Cartoon**
- 50 BANANA SPLITS—Cartoon**
- 10 SPEED RACES—Cartoon**
- 10 PM** **20 MY THREE SONS—Comedy**
- 10 GET SMART—Comedy**
- 50 F TROOP—Comedy**
- 20 LEAVE IT TO BEAVER**
Wally courts trouble when he takes Kathy to a wild graduation party.
- 20 GILLIGAN'S ISLAND**
The Skipper uncovers a devil statue that he's sure means bad luck. Skipper: Alan Hale.
- 50 BEVERLY HILLBILLIES**
- 50 MONKEES—Comedy**
- 10 HAZEL—Comedy**
- 50 DICK VAN DYKE—Comedy**

- 3 AM** **20 MOVIE—Science Fiction**
"Them." (1954) Top-notch thriller about gigantic mutant ants terrorizing Los Angeles. Peterson: James Whitmore. (2 hrs.)
- 20 MOVIE—Science Fiction**
"War of the Colossal Beast." (1958) Radiation is blamed again as another monster runs amuck. Roger Pace, Selby Fraser. (90 min.)
- 10 MOVIE—Science Fiction**
"Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth." (1966) A vacationing couple (Michael Cole, Deborah Walley) are trapped in a strange community whose residents seem to be hypnotized. Johnny Desmond. (90 min.)
- 20 MOVIE—Thriller**
"Island of Terror." (English; 1966) Cancer-cure experiments on an isle off the coast of Ireland produce a breed of deadly turtlelike creatures. West: Edward Judd. Stanley: Peter Cushing. (2 hrs.)
- 10 MOVIE—Science Fiction**
"Plan Nine from Outer Space." (1956) Space aliens enlist the aid of the dead in trying to conquer the universe. Bela Lugosi, Lyle Talbot, Vampira. (2 hrs.)

White Castle

45's

spin by Todd A.

Well this time with one notable exception, all the small records with the big holes turned out to be a bit on the pre-'67 vintage. But rather than complaining, just form your own group, record a boss 45, send it to me, and I'll give it the thumbs up next time around. O.K.?

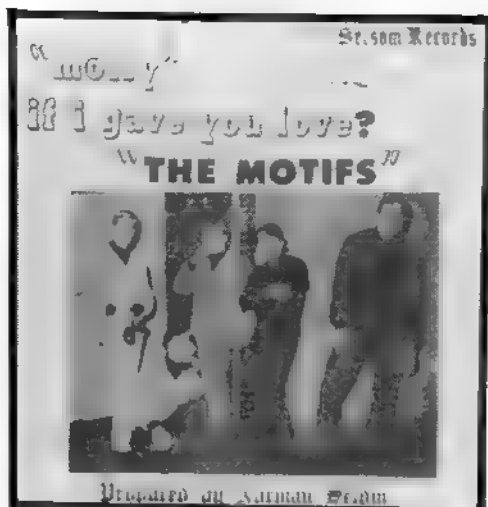
The Sunsets- Theme 1/Please Come Back (Teenager's Dance Show 707) San Juan, P.R.
Q: What happens when a bunch of Puerto Rican teenagers are let loose in a recording studio in 1965?

A: Lots of strange animal noises, a brief interlude into "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love," then more animal noises. What were you expecting? One of the best records of this time or any other.

The Peers- Once Upon A Time/Palmsades (LeJac 3005) Mpls., MN
Park One of Birdland's finest 2-siders, and that's no mean feat! The A-side is a great 12-stringer, with a very odd break. But what gets me is the second verse: "One day I found she was running round Tracked that guy down, shot him to the ground, Should've thought twice, but now I pay the price, Can't keep from thinking of what happened to our love." That's one of the things I dig most about these records: SINCERITY. The guy's so in love he doesn't give two shits about shooting the creep, just getting on the bad side of his rotten ex. Flip's a great roller coaster rendition of Chuck Barris's major claim to fame, showing how much the guys really longed for New Jersey.

Dance Time with Bobby & the Bombers (Century Custom Recording Service 20017) Rochester, N.Y. cuts: Peanut Butter/You Can't Do That/Greenfields/Good Good Lovin'.
Found this one on my fishing trip with Ognix. Not something to go mental over, but a good way to add additional cuts to the Riviera Campus Party lp, as the guys slow 'em down to make sure they don't make any mistakes. And while in Rochester...

The Chesterfield Kings- She Told Me Lies/I've Gotta Way with Girls (Mirror 851/2)
Ungwa! The Kings deliver with an original that's as good, and probably better than their covers. Tremendous drum sound, great organ solo, nasty vocals, and a saw. Puts me really in the mood to rant about all this putrid pap that's on top (I mean Huey Lewis? That guy isn't even offensive! Give me anything but blatant mediocrity!) but if you've gotten this far I probably don't have to tell you. B-side's a cover of Lavender Hour tune. If you guys are gonna do covers how about "Till the End of the Day" or "Feel A Whole Lot Better?"



LOCAL F.A.S.

The Motifs- Molly/If I Gave You Love (Selsom 107) New Jersey shore area
Picture sleeve, and Joe O'Brien liners to boot, noting that the guys are "5 swingers from New Jersey." "Molly" is a half-spoken "poem" that sounds as if it's being recited by the goof at the far right of their pic. "If I..." is another story. Solid punker with a harmonica wailing so off-key it almost pierces the ear. Ace.

The Friedles- I Lost Her/I'm So Glad (Nanna 1001)
She Can Go/Don't Tell Me What to Do (Bat 1004) Penns Grove, N.J.

The Friedles manage to achieve a remarkable consistency on their 4 sides. The first one dates from 1965, and retains vestiges of Merseybeat, tho w/ rough edges. On the '66 Bat release the 4 Fried brothers expand to include Morris Austin on organ. "She Can Go" still has the Brit touches, but a fuller sound, making it the band's greatest hit. The B-side's a good arrogant punker, but at 2:58 my attention is always drawn to the wondrous bats decorating the deluxe sleeve.



The fab Friedles pose with their bowling trophies!!!

The Sea Shells- Love Those Beach Boys/Close to Jimmy (Goliath 1357) H'wood, CA
Ritchie Hart- The Great Duane/I'm Hypnotized (Felsted 8593) Phoenix, AZ
Not every r'n'r tribute disc was about Elvis or the Beatles. The Sea Shells give us a great surf romp, with cheer-leading a la "Be True to Your School," and manage to get in a number of titles & choruses from B.B. hits. I'm still waiting for a Rondella tribute, gals!

The Hart disc is even better. A wild rocker, and though it was cut in Arizona with the same guys that played on Duane's releases, I've gotta admit this gets a lot more turntable time than Duane Eddy Goes Waterskiing. A great story line: Ritchie takes his gal to see the "Great Duane" and she flips & leaves the poor guy for the guitar twanger. The kind of record they don't make anymore. But what kind of guy is gonna sing about losing his girl to Boy George or Billy Idol?

THEY WANNA DO IT

The Sure Cure- I Wanna Do It/Anything... (Cameo-Parkway 145)

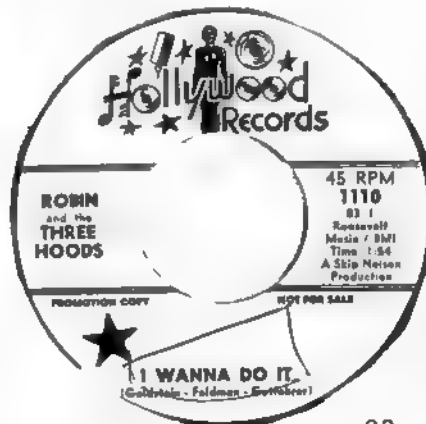
Robin & the 3 Hoods-I.W.D.I./The Marauder (Fan Jr. 1003)

" " " " " -I.W.D.I./That's Tuff (Hollywood 1110) Madison, WI

Strangeloves-I.W.D.I./Honey Do (Sire 4102)
Doug McDade & Purple People- I.W.D.I./Gonna Be Alright (Purple 1001) Tampa, FLA

When you've amassed 5 versions of a song so incredibly unimportant in the history of rock'n'roll, you realize a lot of things about yourself. But you don't admit them to anybody. Despite "I Wanna Do It" being a Feldman-Goldstein-Gottschler composition, I think I've got 'em listed in roughly chronological order. The Sure Cure start the ball rolling with this "Shout" rip-off by utilizing plaintive vocals and a somewhat restrained arrangement that clearly leaves room for improvement. So along come Robin & his 3 Hoods who must've really wanted to do "it" BAD, as they released the song 3(!) times. Realizing they'd never get "it" with the lame approach on the Fan Jr. issue, they re-recorded the # for the illustrious Hollywood label (Link Crowwell, etc.) and really went to town. Hands down the best version - keep an eye peeled for this. "The Marauder" is a tuff surf instro & "That's Tuff" is a cool punker, which also came out as a flip on the Fan Jr. label.

The composers' version on Sire has a great spoken intro, but is merely adequate after that. Doug McDade has got to be the funniest. He has the balls to give himself sole writing credit! Then again, considering he rearranges it into a heavy metal/bubblegum/psychedelic opus maybe he deserves all the blame! Also worth noting is the B-side, where Doug predates the rockabilly revival by a good decade and a half. I guess people just weren't ready.





PROFILE on MICKEY HAWKS **Bip Bop Boom!**

by WAYNE RUSSELL

SCREAMIN' Mimi Jeanie!

I first heard "Bip Bop Boom" over KXGO in Fargo, North Dakota in 1959. Defying a more mellow trend at the time, the song went to #1 in the area. Credited to Mickey Hawks with Moon Mullins and his Night Raiders, it ran a screamin' one minute and thirty-five seconds; no dee-jays running to the bathroom during this brief moment of rockin' ecstasy.

I sent off to Recordland in Fargo, and was pleased to discover that the flip was a good rocker as well. The follow-up instrumental, "Cottonpickin'," was played on KXGO but never made the charts. A June 25, 1960 review of the third Profile single in *Cashbox*, with both sides getting a "B" rating, was the last I heard of the group for a number of years. Hardly a worthy epilogue to a story that began so auspiciously.

Mickey Hawks, Moon Mullins, Bill Ballard, Bob Matthews and John Owens recorded their classic on the Martinsville, Virginia Mart label. According to Hawks, via Virginia collector Dennis Smith, prior issues of "Bip Bop Boom" came out on both Hidi and Robin's Red Label Presents, although no copies on either have turned up. The Mart recording was leased by the Profile label of Chicago, noted for releases by Junior Wells, Bobby Dean ("It's A Fad, Ma"), Hayden Thompson and the Noblemen's "Dirty Robber." While not a Top 100 hit, it did have enough regional success to encourage Profile to release another four sides.

The initial A-side is a classic rocker with shouted lyrics, pounding piano, and great breaks from both the guitarist and saxophonist. "Rock and Roll Rhythm" is less wild, but still a good rocker, aided by the group joining in vocally for the last verse. "Hidi Hidi Hidi" appears somewhat more subdued, but is still worthwhile. The call and response of the title conjures up visions of Cab Calloway. As if to make up for the lack of an instrumental break on the top side, "Cottonpickin'" (XGO's favorite side) is a ferocious guitar-led instrumental.

The final Profile release, "Screamin' Mimi Jeanie," is closest to "Bip Bop Boom," with great instrumentation from everyone concerned, including reportedly Hawks on guitar. The pounding rocker has two standout sax breaks, the latter fading out the song. "I'm Lost" is a good mid-tempo number in a New Orleans style, with the vocal a cross between Bobby Charles and Clarence Henry. As with all the Profile sides there is an emphasis on brevity; "Hidi..." is the only cut clocking in at over two minutes.

John Owens, from High Point, North Carolina, managed the group into the mid-60's. He landed them a deal with Piedmont, for a 45 issued as Moon Mullins and the Night Raiders. Hawks was credited with vocals on "Ain't Gonna Cry." "I Got You" credited Mickey and Gwynn(?). Mullins, supposedly a dee-jay, and the Night Raiders recorded "Gonna Dance Tonight" on Lance, but I've yet to hear it and am uncertain as to whether there is any Hawks' involvement.

Rumours of a Profile album exist, but it is most likely the work of some bedtime author. "Bip Bop Boom" was revived by black saxist Chuck Higgins on Rollin' Rock in 1973, but it lacked the excitement of the original. "Cottonpickin'" has recently been recorded by both the LeRoi Brothers and Barrence Whitfield and the Savages.



One of Wally Cleaver's best buddies?

While many artists who made scratches rather than footprints on the history of rock'n'roll are unduly rewarded for their limited output, Mickey Hawks is truly deserving of such belated praise. Spontaneous joy still bounces off the grooves of his Profile recordings some twenty-five years later.

MICKEY HAWKS AND THE NIGHT RAIDERS DISCOGRAPHY

Mart 113 Bip Bop Boom/Rock and Roll Rhythm
 Profile 4002 "
 Profile 4007 Hidi Hidi Hidi/Cottonpickin'
 Profile 4010 Screamin' Mimi Jeanie/I'm Lost
 Piedmont 2044 I Got You/Ain't Gonna Cry
 Lance 005 Gonna Dance Tonight/Part 2

The 6 Profile songs have appeared on albums in Europe.



WANDA JACKSON
 INVITES YOU
 TO JOIN HER
 AND
 THE
 PARTY-TIMERS
 HERE

Bird songs are meaningful

Trashmen Have the Beat Adults Love

by STEVE ROSEN



1984 marks the twentieth anniversary of the Beatles' American breakthrough. The impact of their Sullivan show appearances is undeniable - face it; you wouldn't be reading this magazine otherwise. February of '64 marks another musical milestone, though. In the first week of that month, "Surfin' Bird" by the Trashmen reached its peak on the Billboard charts. The song hit number 4 that February, denied number one status by the Fab Four.

With their brief moment of glory snatched away by the British Invasion, the Trashmen have been relegated to the hellish obscurity known as the one hit wonders. Behind that false shroud remains a wealth of recorded material that reveals the group as one of America's finest. Now, with the release of four volumes of Minnesota Rockabilly on White Label and the publication of a Minnesota rock discography, the time has arrived to recall the contributions of that state's rockin'est band.

In the late fifties, Minneapolis was a prime spot for rock'n'roll in the Midwest. Big name stars performed at venues like the Crystal Ballroom along with top local acts like Augie Garcia, with his horn-heavy "club" sound, and rockabilly ravers Mike Waggoner and the Bops. Steve Wahrer and Dal Winslow were students at Robinsdale High at the time. The pair, influenced by Waggoner's strident sound, played drums and rhythm guitar, respectively, in small-time bands. Through their contact with other Minneapolis groups they met up with lead guitarist Tony Andreason.

The three played school dances and weekend gigs under a variety of often-used group monikers; among them the Citations and the Rave-Ons. Around late 1959, Winslow, Wahrer, and Andreason joined Tom Diehl and Jim Thaxter to form Jim Thaxter and the Travelers (see *Kicks #3-Ed.*). That group, consisting of four guitars and drums, performed club dates and dances into 1960. They also released a single on the Ariel label, "Sally-Jo"/"Cyclone," an Andreason penned instrumental. The primitive quality of the 45 is easily explained as it was recorded in Thaxter's living room!

Winslow, Wahrer, and Andreason grew increasingly dissatisfied with the Travelers, however, and following a final gig at Bill's Roller Rink in Minneapolis, split from Thaxter and formed the Trashmen. The group recruited bass player Don Woody initially, but he soon left for another band, The Startones. After interviewing a variety of hopefuls, the Trashmen settled on Bob Reed as their bassist.

The early days of the band were spent performing rock'n'roll standards. Jerry Lee Lewis material went over particularly well since Steve Wahrer provided a perfect imitation of Jerry Lee's vocal style. The Trashmen were a big success locally, but it was evident that just about every other Minneapolis rock group was performing the same material. Looking for a gimmick to set them apart from the crowd, the Trashmen found inspiration in something that doesn't even exist in Minnesota: The Surf.

PSYCHO n. A mad person; a psychotic. adj. Psychotic, insane, deranged, loony. 1973: 'The Trashmen had to be **PSYCHO** in the first place, living in Minneapolis standing in garbage cans.' — Greg Shaw (*Creem*, July).

From *Rockspeak* (Omnibus Press)

As the Beach Boys brought prominence to the surfing and beach culture, members of the Trashmen headed out to California and snapped up every surf record they could find. Upon returning to Minneapolis, they laid low while learning the reverberated guitar sound. When they reemerged with their new material the response was immediate and ecstatic.

Eager to record around this time, the band was introduced to local record store owner George Garrett. Garrett put up the money for the band's first session, an odd pairing of surf music and the Rivington's tune "The Bird's the Word." That tape was given to Amos Heilicher, juke-box operator turned independent record distributor. Heilicher brought the Trashmen to Kay-Bank recording studio in Minneapolis to re-record "Surfin' Bird." Personally unimpressed by the tune, Heilicher nevertheless joined Garrett in an agreement to release the track as a 45 for his Soma label.

Looking for a suitable flip for "Surfin' Bird," the group turned to the songwriting talents of their friend Larry LaPole. Leader of his own band, the Polecats, LaPole was primarily a writer of country and rockabilly material. With the aid of a surfing manual he was able to pen his first contribution to the Trashmen's legacy, "King of The Surf." LaPole went on to write other surf rockers for the group, including "My Woody," "The Sleeper" and the anthemic "New Generation."

Initial pressing for the "Surfin' Bird" 45 was a thousand copies. When those quickly sold out Heilicher pressed another thousand, followed by a third pressing of the same amount. Soon, Soma had distributed 10,000 pieces of the single and the Trashmen had gone national. They returned to Kay-Bank to record their album.

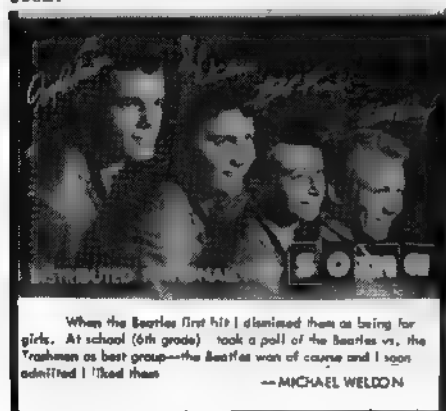
Surfin' Bird is one of the few lp's of the mid-sixties that can be described without reservation as perfect. 12 cuts, each one clocking in around two and a half to three minutes, with a nice balance between originals and well-known covers such as "Money," "It's So Easy," and "Miserlou." The sound is unmistakable—flowing, cool—a hybrid of the Mike Waggoner rock'n'roll of the 50's and the surf reverb of Dick Dale. *Surfin' Bird* has stood the test of time as a coveted and cherished artifact.

While the Trashmen never reached the ultimate pinnacle with "Surfin' Bird," their story does not end here. That song carried them into a series of recordings, personal appearances and TV dates that lasted into the late 1960's. The band continued to plug away after the initial landing of the British Invasion, and actually recorded a second album. Although never released, it was fully prepared with covers of "Be True To Your School," "Keep A Knockin'," and "Roll Over Beethoven" (which was slated for 45 release until the band was beaten to the punch by their old spoilers from Liverpool). Also included is a version of Buddy Holly's "Heartbeat," which according to Tony Andreason is the group's finest recorded moment. Amongst the lp's originals was the aforementioned "New Generation."

Release of this second 12" was cut off by disagreements between the band and George Garrett. When the two sides split for good, Garrett took off with the album masters which he presumably still possesses. At last word Garrett



WHOA DAD!



lives somewhere in North Dakota. Attempts to lease the material by collectors and record labels have been fruitless, reportedly due to Garrett's stubbornness.

As for the Trashmen, their post-Garrett recordings began when Jim Thomas, the group's booking agent, negotiated a deal with Leonard and Phil Chess for the brothers' Argo label. The result was "Bird '65," a lowdown and dirty reworking of "Surfin' Bird," backed with a Trashmen style version of "Ubangi Stomp," which finally made recorded use of Steve Wahrer's uncanny knack for sounding like The Killer.

It was around this time that the band ventured down to Texas to record with Huey P. Meaux. Andreason recalls that B.J. Thomas was in the studio at the same time and that the band recorded a few numbers. The only vinyl release was for Meaux's Tribe label; an odd coupling of "Hanging On Me"/"Same Lines." The top side features a rock beat but a distinctive country bend in the melody. As it turns out, the Trashmen were all country fans at a time when the stuff was hardly fashionable (take that, Mandrell!-Ed.). Tony Andreason notes that the band attended the Country Music Awards on several occasions when attendance was merely a few hundred guests. The flip of the Tribe single is a Dylan imitation that rivals Mousse and the Traps. "Same Lines" also carries a guitar hook that digs in and doesn't let go.

All through this period, the Trashmen continued to make personal appearances. Tours were done independently and as a package, including one with the Four Seasons. TV appearances were also plentiful. In Minneapolis, the top teen show was Date with Dino. The group appeared on that show with Sonja Labelmates the Castaways. The band was also given air time on American Bandstand, in South America via a taped segment, and in Canada where a particularly memorable interview took place. Unbeknownst to the members their recording of "Keep Your Hands Off My Baby" for the Minnesota based Bear label had turned into a sizeable hit up north. The group was surprised by their warm reception on Canadian TV.

Towards the late 60's, as popular styles changed, the Trashmen hung it up, releasing one final single for yet another Minneapolis label, Metrobeat. Their side of the disc was a send-up of the spoken novelty records of the period, a Walter Brennan impersonation entitled "Green Green Backs Back Home." The B-side, "Address Enclosed," was a Larry LaPole country tune with vocals credited to Montgomery and Jones, a mixed country duo.

The Trashmen went their separate ways for about seven years, with each of the four members settling down to job and family life. The late seventies brought about renewed interest in the Minneapolis sounds of the previous decade, and the group was persuaded to reform for occasional reunion dates. Since they all remained in Minneapolis and had stayed close, the get togethers were natural and easy. The most memorable of these dates occurred about two years ago. The event was a Halloween dance and costume party held at a St. Paul nightspot called, ironically enough, The Cavern.

TRASHOGRAPHY (original issues only)

Garrett 4002 Surfin' Bird/King of the Surf
Garrett 4003 Bird Dance Beat/A-Bone
Garrett 4005 Bad News/On the Move
Garrett 4010 Peppermint Man/New Generation
Garrett 4012 Whoa Dad!/Walkin' My Baby (PS)
Garrett 4013 Dancing With Santa/Real Live Doll (PS)
Bear 1966 Keep Your Hands Off My Baby/Lost Angel
Argo 5516 Bird '65/Ubangi Stomp
Tribe 8315 Hanging on Me/Same Lines
Metrobeat 4448 Green Green Backs Back Home/Address Enclosed (flip by Tony Jones and Nancy Montgomery - yuck!)

EP's (all French with Picture Covers)

Columbia ESRF 1491 Surfin' Bird/Henrietta/King of the Surf/The Sleeper
Columbia ESRF 1564 Bad News/Bird Dance Beat/A-Bone/Money
Columbia ESRF 1627 Whoa Dad!/Kuk/Walkin' My Baby/My Woodie

LP's

Garrett LP-GA 2000 Surfin' Bird (Surfin' Bird/Misirlou/Money/Tube City/Kuk/It's So Easy/King of the Surf/Henrietta/Malaguena/My Woodie/Bird Bath The Sleeper)
IGL 103 Roof Garden Jamboree - V.A. 1 Trashmen cut: "Talk About Love"



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As the Trashmen perform, fans unleash their inhibitions on the dance floor.

Photos by DUANE BRALEY

Trashmen 'Have the Beat Kids Love'

By IRV LETOFSKY

Minneapolis Tribune Staff Writer

Everybody's heard about the bird.

Ooo mau mau

Everybody knows the bird's the word.



Three of the Trashmen: Bob Reed, Tomy Andreason, Dal Winslow.

THE WALLS of a lesser building might have crumbled to the pounding rhythm. Its floor might have collapsed to the rippling, writhing bodies of 500 teen-agers. But Mr. Lucky's, a teen dance hall at Nicollet Av. and Lake St., is made of sterner stuff.

At 14 years and up, they turned out in dancing droves for a recording session by a group known really and truly as the Trashmen—three electric guitarists and a hard-pounding drummer. "They have," shouted one of their agents over their sound, "the beat that the kids love."

THEY HAVE an unmistakable, full treble, big sound and have put same on a 45-rpm recording which is clambering up the national best selling lists. It's called "Surfin' Bird," to which Tribune music critic Dan Sullivan applies the rare superlative, "It's the worst song I've ever heard."

It matters not. The beat's the thing. (Surfing music's the thing, too, although surfing style of

Continued

TRASHMEN *continued*

dancing hasn't really reached the Midwest, informants say. It's coming from the West Coast.)

The 45 and the upcoming long-playing record will be on the Garrett label, named after George Garrett, operator of the Nic-O-Lake Record Store. He formerly produced and distributed records by such country-western stars as Marvin Rainwater, Dave Dudley and Texas Bill Strength on the Brave label.

THE TRASHMEN—pounding out such rhythms as "Bye Bye Johnny," "Let's Go Trippin'," "Moon Dawg" and the like—have been together about a year and a half. They are currently outrunning such other local favorites as the Trespassers, Mike Waggoner and the Bops and Tim and the Galaxies at the teen hops.

Playing 45 minutes on, resting 15 minutes off, the Trashmen get between \$80 and \$180 a week. "It'll be a lot better now," one said in light of growing acceptance.

Leader is Dal Winslow, 21, Robbinsdale. He and Tony Andreason, 20, Minneapolis, and Bob Reer, 21, Lakeville, twang guitars. Steve Wahrer, 21, Robbinsdale, is on drums. They all sing, more or less, and en masse they can be credited with composing, more or less, "Surfin' Bird."

"WE'VE FINALLY got the sound we want," Winslow said. They have some 180 songs in repertory and average three nights' work a week, mostly in the Twin Cities area, partly throughout the Upper Midwest. Most times they get in five hours of rehearsal a week.

An agent said "Surfin' Bird" sold some 50,000 copies in its first 10 days as it stretched into 10 of the country's 35 top record markets. Success brought offers from Decca, London, Columbia and smaller record companies.

Promoter Garrett says the novel name itself ought to give the group a big push. "They (the quartet) don't know where it came from; possibly it was from a record about a trash man which was out about three years ago," he said.

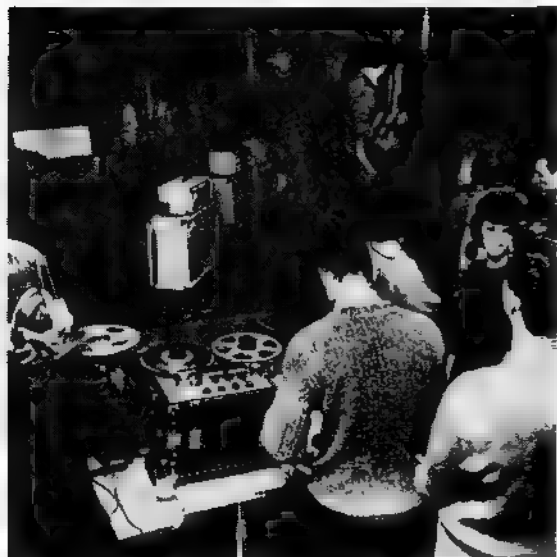
"But we like what the disc jockeys do with the name . . . like 'Back up and get a load of this'."



Fans jammed on Mr. Lucky's dance floor and, among other things, negotiated the "baldie." It succeeds the twist and precedes the surf in

teendom. "Here's one with a real tune — 'Hot Pastrami!'" said a local disc jockey who emceed the taping session of the four Trashmen.

While Trashmen Play, Their Fans Test Strength of the Dance Floor



Engineers check equipment while recording the Trashmen at a Sunday afternoon session. They hope to produce an LP album sometime this month.



The Trashmen mass their weapons—three electric guitars and a loud drum. From left are leader Dal Winslow, 21, of Robbinsdale; Tony Andreason, 20, of Minneapolis; drummer Steve Wahrer, 21, of Robbinsdale, and Bob Reed, 21, of Lakeville.

Todd Abramson sez: Fly with the Bird in '85

In the history of Man, there are certain epochal journeys that must be undertaken, no matter what the circumstance. One of the more popular ones is Moses leading his people to the Promised Land (Chass 13049). A more recent one is that made by the editor, Vince Brnicevic, Billy Miller and Viriam Linna of Kicks magazine fame, and Tim and Caroline Warren. Some might consider the final destination of this outing also Biblical in stature: The Trashmen's appearance at the American Legion Hall in Fairmont, Minnesota.

Most "reunions" of 60's legends go extremely awry, so much so that I'm often left wondering what was so hot about the original group in the first place. Last summer's Animals and Raiders debacles spring immediately to mind, as do the 70's recordings of Kenny & the Kasuals. But nevertheless, the Trashmen always seemed so left of center that if anyone could pull it off successfully, I wouldn't lay odds against them. One more factor in their favor was that the group never really broke up, as covered in Steve Rosen's article. In other words, once we found out about the gig we were off and running.

Upon arriving at the Legion, the beautiful poster for the show further enlivened our hopes. But the wildest was yet to come! We had previously arranged to get some records autographed prior to the show, but were told at the Hall that the Trashmen were downtown...IN A PARADE! Christ, I know if I were mayor of Berkeley Heights I'd have a parade if the Trashmen came into town, but the fact remained that I wasn't mayor and we were in Fairmont and it was time to haul ass downtown pronto.

This sounded easier than it turned out to be, for as we soon discovered, there is no downtown Fairmont. Indaunted, we drove around in endless circles, demanding the parade whereabouts from passers-by (both of 'em), but to no avail. Right when we were about to call it quits along came a half-dozen or so exquisite hot rods, vintage 1950's. The first one was decorated with the same lovely poster we had seen hours earlier at the Legion Hall. I don't know if it should be officially designated a "parade," but the sight of our two 1980's vintage rented compacts following these gorgeous hot rods up and down the streets of Fairmont is a sight not likely to be repeated.

Finally, it was showtime. Any comments about a four set three hour marathon performance that opens up with "Gloria" and closes with "High School Confidential" seem almost superfluous. But since not all of you could attend, I will relinquish some detail. Yes, it was the original frantic foursome and they sounded very akin to their records. And while the sets were heavy on the Jerry Lee and Berry #1's and somewhat short on Trashmen tunes, when everything is considered I have no real complaints. It's kind of mind boggling that the band spent a total of about four hours rehearsing for the show. Hearing "Surfin' Bird" live was a truly mystical experience. "Henrieta" and "Miserlou" were also sensational, and seemed to be even wilder than their Surfin' Bird renditions. With Tony Andreason's leads being out of this world. My cohorts will vouch for all this. Vince spent the whole evening trying to get Steve Wahrer plastered so he could take over on the



skins; instead he rendered himself incompetent. Tim danced, and Billy and Viriam actually considered moving Kicks headquarters to the motel across the street.

Even the audience was truly a sight to behold. If the supposed "rock'n'rollers" in N.Y.C. were as full of the rock'n'roll spirit as the middle-age set in Fairmont we could've saved a lot of money on transportation costs. It should also be mentioned somewhere that all four members of the band were extremely personable and definitely do NOT have a condescending attitude towards their old material. But perhaps Tony Andreason summed it up best when he said, "We're a dance band, not a show band." There ain't nothing wrong with that.

BREAKTHROUGH CONTEST!



Whose room is this?

Give the first correct answer and win complimentary dinner for one at a White House: Castle, Diamond, Rose, or Tower. Relatives and employees not eligible. HINT: This person's name appears at least once in the mag. Send to P.O. Box 212, Gillette, NJ 07933.

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BARN BURNING with the BLASTERS reported by DAVE ALVIN

(Being on the road isn't always the drag most pretentious rock "stars" make it out to be. Discriminating rockers can find plenty of ways to keep themselves amused, some of which can even be revealed to the public. Here, Blasters lead guitarist and songwriter supreme Dave Alvin recounts some of the highlights of his recent journeys. - Ed.)

Places to Go...

Louisiana

There's a gas station in Lake Charles, LA, the last gas station on Interstate 10 as you're headed west. It belongs to a guy named Milton Landry or something like that, and he has his own Zydeco band. We were going through there once and he was rehearsing with the drummer, Milton plays accordion, and they wouldn't play as long as we were there. As soon as we started to take off they'd play in this little shack, half on land and half on the lake.

The next time we pulled back there this guy named Little Sonny was playing the owner's accordion. He was much more friendly, but warned us that if the owner caught us back there he'd kill us or him. Bill started playing drums and the guy just went crazy. Sonny was trying to go to California. When Bill first started playing the drums he said, "Man, where you been all my life? We can go to Lake Charles tonight and make \$100 you and me." Then as we were leaving he came up to the van and yelled, "No, no man. Come with me. We can make \$300 tonight."

Downey, California

When the Wenzella (the family responsible for Downey records) closed up their record department, after the father died and they closed up the recording thing, their attic was full of Downey Records. There's a skeet shooting place in Whittier Narrows, this swamp area just north of Downey and Peak Rivera, which is run by the L.A. County Sheriff's department, and the Wenzells sold all their Downey Records to the skeet shooting place.

Arizona

On the Tema Indian Reservation in Arizona we pulled off into a gas station. We were all ready to go to a show, our hair all up and our stage clothes on, en route from Tucson to Phoenix or vice versa. Anyway, at this gas station there's Elvis music in the background and the gas station attendant is this Indian guy dressed up exactly as Elvis...Elvis hair, Elvis sideburns, talking like Elvis...the whole thing. It was out in the middle of the desert on this Indian reservation.

People to See...

Carl Perkins

When we taped Soundstage we did nine songs, all we rehearsed, and the audience was going ape-shit crazy. We were standing backstage with Carl, who's a non-drinker, non-smoker, and they were demanding an encore. Gene had a big bottle of wine and we couldn't think of a song to do until finally Carl just grabbed the bottle of wine, took a swig, and said, "Oh hell, let's just do 'Whole Lotta Shakin'."

Joe Turner

I was his manager years ago...driving Big Joe home at three in the morning with his drunk and telling stories was incredible, just for the way he talked, real sing-songy. You just sit there mesmerized. You don't really understand what he's saying a lot of the time, but the names keep flying... "Aab doobah bab Duke Ellington yeah yeah oh Count Basie we went that..."

Chuck Berry

The Blasters were set to back Chuck Berry on the Grammy Awards when Chuck intervened: "They promised me the Quincy Jones Orchestra. I like the Blasters but they promised me the Quincy Jones Orchestra."



The Blasters' first publicity shot.

Wilbert Harrison

When I flew out to New York to do the Mitters I sat with Wilbert Harrison of "Kansas City" fame. So we shot the shit and talked about how he's thinking of suing John Anderson for "Swingin'" and all that. He also happened to turn up on the flight back too, except he was crooked drunk and someone had given him a guitar. It was a late night flight and the stewardesses and the whole smacking section of the plane was drunk and he did a show from N.Y. to L.A.. He did "Kansas City" four times with the stewardesses doing bump and grind strip teases. The woman sitting next to me kept going, "Is that Fats Domino? Is that Fats Domino?" He was doing "Kansas City" as we flew over Kansas City which was sort of a transcendental moment I guess. He introduced every song by saying, "This is a song my good friend Fats Domino wrote ...This is a song my good friend..."

Sleeping With the TV On

Allan Thicke

Allan Thicke: I understand the Alvin Brothers fight a lot - a lot of sibling rivalry.

Me: No, not really. It's kinda like you and Johnny Carson.

The Today Show

Phil brought up the fact that I once pulled a knife on him and I just didn't think that Jane Pauley and Bryant Gumbel deserved to hear those kind of stories, so I just started yelling, "cocksucker," "motherfucker," "asshole-biting faggot," anything that I figured they'd have to beep out while I had my hand over Phil's mouth as he's trying to tell the story about the knife. And they ran it, with all the blips. "And then there was this time Dave pulled the knife on me bleep bleep bleep bleep, etc.." If I pull a knife on Phil I don't necessarily want eight million Americans to know about it.

I Ain't Drunk...

Joe Ely

There was a two week battle between Texas and California to see who could drink more. At that point in my life I could drink more but it would take me a day to recuperate and Joe would die around 6 A.M. but he'd be up at nine mornin' to go so it was a draw.

Gene Taylor

We were in Amsterdam with two days off before Italy and it was on the record company so we were just lying around in this real nice hotel. They had cable TV with American movies in English and everything else in Dutch-German. I walked in after not seeing Gene for two days and he had the shades closed and seven push-tables of room service food empty or trashed, all the lights off, just the TV on, and he was laying in bed in his underwear with his sunglasses on and a couple of bottles.

Los Lobos

They were on the road with us this year and Bruce Springsteen came to see us up in Monterey and went backstage. Lobo were sitting in the corner of this big dressing room while Phil and Bruce are talking, and Bruce is making no motion to go over and say hello to Lobos. They were pretty drunk so they just sat there real loud and were going (Chicano accent), "Hey man, who's that? Hey, it's Dick Sapperstein man, no it's Louie Bloustein man..."

That same night their van had fucked up and all their rides back to L.A. had said "No way." So we had one van with seven Blasters and a roadie, then the Lobos and their two roadies. It was a drunken marathon drive...we had to pull over every mile for someone to throw up. We just kept on playing tapes...it was like 400 miles of how many drunk Mexicans and Pollacks can you shove in one van. We had Lee Allen and Steve...it was this great interracial party. Someone said as soon as we took off, "We're all going to jail."

Gene Taylor

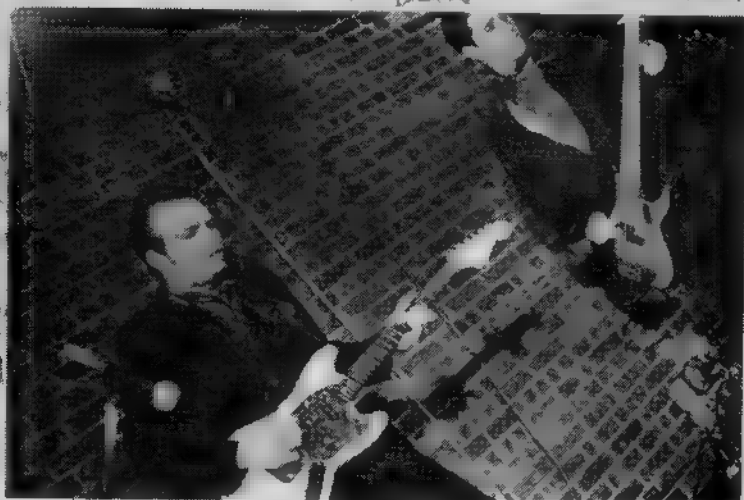
One time Gene was really messed up and we were playing a gig and some guy had passed out or was going through some sort of drug thing where he had his head resting on the stage right by Gene's feet and Gene picked him up by the hair and said, "No sleeping while we play!" and threw him.

At the same gig the soundman was really fucking up and Gene's pretty drunk, so he's flipping off the soundman. He had his middle finger raised for two minutes, except the soundman was on the other side of the audience, so it was like two minutes of Gene holding up his finger to the audience.

Tood, I'm not all this

Picture

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Torqués Bury The Bach

by Todd
Abramson

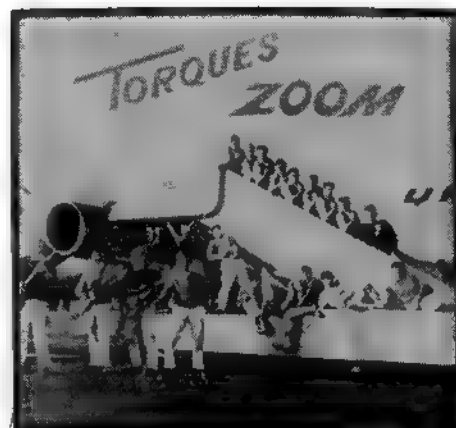
The phenomenon of "prep rock" is very difficult to understand if one did not emerge from the confines of one of these notorious upper-class Eastern institutions. Each year in these schools, at least in the era we're concerned with, a different band would be the king-pins on campus, rewarded the same dedication shown the school's athletic organizations. Upon the top band's graduation (most bands only truly thrived their senior year) the underclassmen who had been honing their chops in eager anticipation would then get their chance to rise on the musical and social circuit.

Because of the relative affluency associated with these schools, many of the bands were actually able to release entire albums, which are highly sought after today, as they were usually only pressed for distribution within the school itself, in quantities of three to seven or eight hundred at most. Another factor that influenced the bands to record and actually form was the popularity of instrumental music in general, and the Ventures in particular. After all, it was easier to play than sing and the music riding the charts in the pre-Beatles early 60's relied so largely on production to enhance it that there was no way a bunch of kids fooling around after school could come close to it, even if they had wanted to. By relying mainly on instrumentals, the first of the amplified prep-school bands avoided a lot of potential pitfalls.

The most well-known prep school to record collectors is Phillips Academy, nestled in suburban Andover, Massachusetts. Of the numerous bands that formed here the most legendary is the Rising Storm. The most amazing is the Torqués.

The nucleus of the Torqués consisted of Hobler, bassist DeWolf Fulton and rhythm player Craig Bonda. In order to give the band a fuller sound they did some wholesale raiding into the school's concert band, acquiring a horn section in the process. Numerous singers were engaged, since the band didn't think themselves able to croon, and pretty soon the Torqués were THE school organization to be in. Those who could not play an instrument, either due to lack of skill or logistics, could always carry one instead. Eventually these numerous Torqués roadies (the number was always magically bigger when the band played at all-girls schools) became indoctrinated into the band as... clappers! These "human metronomes" were now too the envy of the non-Torqués. Of course as the group now consisted of a staggering twenty-two members it is debatable how many students on campus were not in the group! Even future vice-president George Bush's son once clapped in 4/4 time for the Torqués, a secret kept under lock and key at the White House!

All this would probably languish unknown if not for the fact that the Torqués, unlike the huge majority of rock'n'roll bands, actually achieved their goal and left the listening public with one sparkling gem of an lp, The Torqués Zoom. According to Fulton, a zoomer was the most singly un-hip thing to be around P.A. at the time, an early 60's equivalent of a "flaming asshole." With their title concept for this album, the Torqués intended to forty-four handedly reverse this "zoomer" image and make it every



preppie's dream to be labelled one. Whether they succeeded or not is a moot point at this late date, but the band certainly did not set their sights low.

The group was fortunate enough to have the connections with which to fully support the aeronautical end of their Zoom concept. Craig Bonda's father was a United Airlines pilot and thereby secured for the group the airliner depicted on the album's cover. Although the group's original intention of getting on the wing was nixed by those with more authority, there still must have been quite a sight when the "twenty-man troupe bopped...to have a colored picture taken on locale" according to the words of P.A.'s student paper, *The Phillipian*. The jet motif is even furthered on the label itself. Jet streams appear to be issuing from the silver plane on the black background, the idea being that the plane would appear to be in motion

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Torques Album

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Formed during their sophomore year in 1962, with the lofty goal of completing an album by graduation, the Torqués truly became, "The Biggest Band in Show-biz." They took their primary inspiration from the success of Andover's first electric band, the Invictas, and their predecessors, the Satans. The Ventures influence was less direct than it had been on these previous groups. Actually, the Torqués emergence as an instrumental group occurred mainly by accident. As lead guitarist Randy Hobler explained, "We didn't know we could sing." Nevertheless, the group's name did come from the Ventures' tune "Torquay," which itself was a foreign bastardization of "twist."

The swinging Torqués, complete with clappers, recorded an album on the last day of the winter term and will distribute it later this week. The album, priced at three dollars, contains eight instrumental and five vocal arrangements. Included in the medley are "The Lonely Bull," "Watermelon Man," "Can't Sit Down," and an enthusiastic rendition of "The Bird." According to group leader Randy Hobler, "The album has already been sold in twenty schools across the country from Stanford to Abbot."

while the disc spun. Remember that this is years before people destroyed their record players by trying to play Beatles records backwards.

As if all this wasn't enough, there's still the vinyl to consider. And I doubt very strongly that anyone who's ever heard the Torqués lp is liable to forget it. Side One opens up with "Torquay" (natch), which is probably one of the more straightforward selections, but it does give a portent of things to come. Along with some nifty lead playing and adventurously clumsy drumming comes a rather obtrusive piano. This odd and often

cluttered instrumentation is the natural by-product of having half the graduating class in your band. For some reason, however, herein lies a large part of the Torques' undeniable charm. Countless versions of most of the songs on *Zoom* exist but none sound exactly as they do in the hands of the Torques.

group's sparsest 'piece', instrumentation. Nice, too.

While "Torquay" may have been the band's unofficial theme, "Surfin' Bird," here known simply as "The Bird," was probably their most famous number, due to the hullabaloo surrounding it. This helps explain the Torques' decision to have it lead off the second side.



Fulton Hoblen Bonda

This theory is supported by "You Can't Sit Down," which features the eight clappers and had the entire band in the studio at the same time! Joe Freeman's vocals are suitably enthusiastic and loud enough to be heard over the multitude of clappers. "Out of Limits" bats third, and is pretty rockin' up until the arrival of the brass players who sound as if they're using the song as a warm-up for "The Lonely Bull" on side two.

"Chances Are," a typical slow Abbott Mixer number is followed by the Torques' interpretation of "Misirlou." This flows along quite smoothly at mid-tempo, leaving the listener totally unprepared for what follows.

One evening, a third of the Torques' vocal trio, Bob Marshall, stood in DeWolf Fulton's doorway and uttered the immortal words, "Dewey, I wrote a rock'n'roll song!" He didn't waste any time in singing it either, as he began to do so immediately, beginning with the haunting spoken introduction:

"I dream, pray, and hope for love.
The mere thought of romance haunts me.
But I'm a saddened and de-pressed man
Because nobody wants me."

Poor Bob has nobody to, "Talk with, to walk with, to be just what I want with." His "Nobody" is the sole original on *Zoom* and given Marshall's spastic vocal style a suitable choice. An overstatement (parody?) of the Dion-style streetcorner weepers, the vocalist really goes gung-ho at the end, but it's still uncertain to these ears whether he's laughing or crying!

The opening side is finished off with even more drama in the shape of "On Broadway," which features the

Quite a stage set was prepared for their Trashmen cover, with Henry Hobson coming down to the stage via a suspended rope while donned entirely in bird attire, right down to his huge feathers. Yet not everyone appreciated the ferocity with which the group performed this hit. Perhaps due to flyers proclaiming, "The Bird is coming" posted all over the Andover community, to mysteriously promote an upcoming gig, some resentment was stirred. The Torques show was actually picketed by those favoring classical music (sheesh, if the Trashmen aren't classical...), with signs proclaiming, "Down with the Bird, Bach is Back" in tow. Eventually, this group was apparently won over by the group's varied repertoire, although Fulton points out that many of these verbal detractors were toe-tappers on the sly.

As for the recorded version itself, one word sums it up--remarkable. For some reason Hobson's vocals have always brought to mind Dick Nixon trying to sing the tune. The band disregards any trace of subtlety that even the Trashmen may have employed. I have played this version for people from all walks of life and the responses are simply amazing. One Pennsylvania college student was reduced to tears of joy by the experience. Billy Miller fondly recalls the time when upon spinning this cut in a New York record store an otherwise comatose dog suddenly sprang to life with loud barks, much to the amazement of its owner. While playing a tape of the album at The House of Guitars in Rochester, an irate new

Juniors Dance

The junior class held its last dance of the year Saturday night at Will Hall. The girls from Beaver eradicated all thoughts of heat and mosquitos.

The [redacted] provided most of the music. DeWolf Fulton failed to appear because someone stole his guitar.

Guest soloists included Mary Ellen Essiambre and Dick Barnum, who sang "Summertime;" recorder virtuoso John Levine, who played "Desafinado;" and singer Henry Hobson, who turned everyone on with his rendition of "The Bird."



I Ain't Got NObody

Torques Swing At Fall Term Socials

The Torques, on the other hand, are older and closer to death. Organized in the present senior class's lower year, the group will vanish from PA at graduation.

Its activities, however, will continue; a few weeks after leaving Andover, the organization will appear at the Princeton Class of '43's twentieth reunion. There it will play while Glenn Miller's Band is taking breaks.

A disc will definitely be grooved during spring vacation, to be sold at PA and eight great girls' schools.

The profits from this venture will be adequate, so the Torques will not trouble themselves with making an honest-to-goodness, real-life, outside-sale, pretty-labeled record.

So far, they have only three dances to their credit this year: the Mixer, Dana Hall dance, and Russian Club Fall Prom. They will, however, play at the Rogers Hall Band Dance.

This number of appearances does not, in truth, accurately reflect the group's popularity, for it has had to refuse several offers because of the occasional absence of some of the twenty-four members.

The Band's immense size is a result of the presence of seven clappers, two trumpets, and three background singers, accessories not always found in an electric guitar group.

Feb. 8 7:30 p.m.

waver informed Greg Prevost that, "This offends me." Greg firmly stood his ground. This is my favorite cut on the album and one of the greatest covers of all time. The final word on it belongs to Dewey Fulton, who when asked if the Trashmen themselves had heard this masterpiece responded, "I hope not."

The aforementioned "Lonely Bull," "Watermelon Man" and an instrumental rendition of "It Ain't Necessarily So" calm things down a bit prior to more rock'n'roll. "Pipeline" starts out wailing, but the lead guitar soon gives way to Dan Turberville's piano. From pictures he seems to have played utilizing sheet music and with his back to the audience. He may have taken this same approach in the recording studio. But, as mentioned before, it certainly gives the band a distinctive sound. "Do You Wanna Dance?" wraps things up, granting the clappers an encore performance. Now here's something I wouldn't mind seeing a video for!

Almost needless to say, there were no out-takes from the album, rendering these 13 tracks the Torques' entire recorded output. By the time the engineer, who had come in from Princeton for the occasion, was paid for his services, the band ended up approximately \$6 in the black, after all sales were accounted for. The original drummer, miffed at being tossed out of both school and the band prior to recording, decided to abscond with about ninety copies of the album, which didn't exactly help matters.

While it might have been nice to hear the Torques clap their way through "Like A Rolling Stone," it's also refreshing to know that we'll never see a picture of the band sporting beards and beads. In any case, it was time for the Torques to move on and graduate, thereby letting the Apostles grab their piece of the action. They in turn would give way to the Ha-Penny's and Rising Storm.

Groups like the Torques may not have changed the face of rock'n'roll forever, but they did keep the big beat alive in our own backyard and inspire countless youngsters to send for the Fender catalog. Their vinyl only tells a very small part of the story, but hearing one bunch of preppies on record you might get the bug and crave them all (good luck!). And besides, perhaps the Torques' brave concept succeeded after all: When was the last time someone called you a Zoomer?

Prepare for takeoff! Here are the Torques, all twenty-two of them, (go ahead, count 'em). Without a doubt the biggest, most exciting, and most in-there group ever to come over the hill, the Torques have enjoyed a history whose continuous successes have been matched only by their continuous growth.

I still remember the day in 1962 when Randy Hobler and DeWolf Fulton (the guys call him Dewey, the girls call him Wolf) came into my studio with hair down to their eyes and boyish grins covering their simple-looking faces.

"We're the Beatles, yeah, yeah, yeah," they giggled, "and we play Upandover music, which is really rock 'n roll only we say it's something different." I, of course, cut their hair, overhauled their flinky, collarless jackets, and made them change their names to Torques, which has a romantic French sound. (After all, nobody would go for feminine-looking insects.) The rest is history.

The turning point for the Torques came a year later when I was walking through the back streets of Philadelphia and saw a real stud sitting by his tenement.

"Hey, stud!" I coaxed, "You wanna be a big rock 'n roll star and make a million?"

"No, I don't even know what music is," he answered.

"Great! What's your name?" I led on.

"Fabun Forty." Aside from his ridiculous name, he was too much. I put a guitar in his hand and said, "Guitar man, you will be known as Craig Bonda (pronounced BONE-da). You will play rhythm guitar for the Torques, and you will be the sexiest thing any New England girls' school has ever seen."

It didn't stop there. Touring the Memphis churches for local talent, I came upon young, side-burned Elvis Faraley whom I Americanized by tabbing him Joe (Freeman), and the Torques had a singer. For a drummer, I recruited Pete Mels, a rising protégé of Cubby O'Brien. From Muscle Beach and Stamford, Connecticut, I rounded up the original Clappers, now famous as precise and overly jocky metronomes. Out of the sky came an garçon sensible, the Bird-Man himself, Henry Bishop Mochah Ian Hobson. From the WABC station-break and overture for the Cousin Bruce Show orchestra, I lurped a pair of trumpeters and saxophonists, and by hanging around outside the door, I grabbed three rejects at the Trashmen tryouts and turned them into the Torques.

Though the Torques steal most of their music, they perform one original number, "Nobody" (written by Bob Marshall), which they have been billing as a sure-shot, pick-to-click for almost a year now. The Torques are still holding out for a \$100,000 offer from Ed Sullivan, but in the meantime, they have been hitting the tea-dance-and-prom circuit around Abbot Academy, Beaver Country Day, Concord Academy, Dana Hall, and Rogers Hall.

It is, therefore, with further ado and overbearing humility that I present for your listening pleasure, this motley group of twenty-two virtual nothings that I converted into the famous Torques! .. Sal Flanaganburg!

The greatest liner notes ever?



In GW Hall at P.A.
"Clappers litter
stage while we
belt out Miserlou."
DeWolf Fulton.



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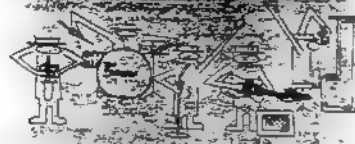
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1. May, 1962 Lower Class Dance Graham House, Andover, Mass.
2. June, 1962, Princeton Russian, Class of 1977, Student Center, Princeton, N.J.
3. June, 1962, Princeton Russian Class of 1964 Art Morgan's House, Princeton, N.J.
4. June, 1962, Margaret Cavrity's dinner party, pre-dinner.
5. June, 1962, Windsor Junior Class dance.
6. Sept. 29, 1962, Abbot Mixer, at Abbot Qm, Andover, Mass.
7. Oct. 19, 1962 Stearns House Dance, Andover, Mass.
8. Nov. 3, 1962 Russian Club Dance, Old Qm, Andover, Mass.
9. Nov. 17, 1962 Student Congress Dance Old Qm, Andover, Mass.
10. Dec. 1, 1962 Rogers Hall Band dance, Rogers Hall gym.
11. Dec. 8, 1962, Teen Center, Andover, Mass.

Excerpts from the Torques Tour of the Americas
('62-'64)

Phillips Academy albums

THE INVICTAS



THE CHAIRS

RAISIN' HELL!



AN HOUR OF PRAYER

THE APOSTLES



The Invictas (no label M80P 5816/7) Cuts: Buckeye/Up and Downs/Honky Tonk/Walk Don't Run/Hully Gully/Caravan/Bullwhip Rock/I Almost Lost My Mind/Ram-Bunk-Sush/Apache/The McCoy/Sleepwalk/Wild Weekend/Flyin' High

Not only were the Invictas the first electric rock'n'roll band spawned by P.A., these guys may also have been the first to utilize the name "Invictas" - no mean feat in itself, considering how many successors there were. As the titles suggest, this album is pretty sharp. Given the vocal performance on "Hully Gully" we can all be glad that, "As the instrumentalists improved and changes and additions were made in the group their repertoire included more instrumentals." The highlight is their swingin' live (3/11/61) version of the Thundermen's "Flyin' High," dedicated to "Exeter's athletic team," which features thunderous hand claps from those fortunate enough to be in attendance.

The Satans-Raisin' Hell! (no label A-3262) Cuts: Church Key/Honky Tonk/Last Date/Alabama Jubilee/Sugar-Coated Love/Detour/The Twist/Wink Slide/Summertime/Ivory Marbles/No Trespassin'

A case of the vinyl being eclipsed by the liner notes. These reveal some of the more interesting personal facets of the "unsavory looking group," such as rhythm guitarist's Andy Goodwin's activities ("smoking and drinking") and drummer Charlie Stuart's predilection for "mixing pleasure with pleasure." "Church Key" and the Ventures #3's vie for top honors with rousing vocal performances of "Sugar-Coated Love" and "The Twist." The notes point out that the latter, "Answers the stirring cry of modern America's youth."

The Apostles-On Crusade (no label) Cuts: Night Train/I Don't Mind/San-ho-zay/Think/Watermelon Man/Good Good Lovin'/Last Night/Roll Over Beethoven/Tequila/St. James Infirmary/Money/Madness

An Hour of Prayer With (sheesh, you think they could've made up a label by now) Cuts: Out of Sight/Jack the Ripper/You Really Got Me/Cathy/When You Walk in the Room/Try Me/Louie Louie/Walkin' the Dog/Summertime/Shop Around/What'd I Say

The Apostles' first lp features Joe Freeman on loan from the Torques, but for the most part ventures into too much foreign territory for white New England preppies. However, the 2nd(!)lp fares much better. A few bumpers that might be outtakes from Crusade, but this is more than made up for by a wonderfully sloppy and inebriated version of Link's "Ripper" and tag team singing on "You Really Got Me" & "Louie Louie" (uncensored). As an anonymous "critic" states on back: "The Apostles do not just make music - they are music."

The Ha'Penny's-Love Is Not the Same(Fersch F1110 - reissued on Resurrection) Cuts: Love Is Not the Same/Day Triper/Feel A Whole Lot Better/Get Off My Cloud/Heart Full of Soul/Gloria/We Got Get Out.../Empty Heart/Rang On Sloopy/Route 66/Mr. You're A Better Man Than I

The Ha'Penny's hardly play your rip-roaring punk, but I've always found this album to be quite a charmer - even the anemic title tune kinda gets me. Be sure to check out Miriam Linna's favorite moment in rock history: the snare drum rattle in "Empty Heart." The cover and label design are classic-it's a good thing they never sent a promo copy to London Records. The mastermind behind the whole project, a certain Mr. Fersch, no doubt caught the rock'n'roll bug while chaperoning students at the Fall '63 Spanish and German club dance, where, according to The Phillipian, "With an air of fatherly well-being, (he) danced with many of the young ladies present." The music was provided by the Torques.

The Rising Storm-Calm Before (Remnant - reissued by Eva)
Alive Again at Andover (Arf Arf 007)

I haven't listed cuts because both of these are readily available. The Storm's legendary original lp is another moody classic. It seems preppies never fared too well with r'n'b standards, but the originals really make this one, especially the revved-up "I'm Coming Home" and the cryptic (hate to use that word but...) "To L.N./Who Doesn't Know." Literary aspirations creep through the lyrics (dig the T.S. Eliot swipe in "Frozen Laughter"). Bonus points for doing locals "Don't Look Back" and both sides of their favorite Ramrods single.

The reunion lp's been cut down a lot, but I think it's a gas and as true to the spirit of rock'n'roll as any album listed here. Of course it's goofy, I'd be disappointed if it wasn't! Their "Time Won't Let Me/Respectable" medley puts you right in the middle of Dana Hall. Who could ask for more?

related lp's

Davy & the Badmen (WA 63-054) Cuts: Blue Moon/Slow Belt/Summertime/Tortus/The Original/7 Come 11/Lullaby of the Leaves/Runaway/Image of A Girl/Beat Feet/Will You Love Me Tomorrow?/Can't Sit Down/A Quickie

The Toads (WA 64-021) Cuts: Morpheus/Movin'/Stranger on the Shore/Sleepwalk/Baja/Will You Still Love Me/Checkmate/You Can't Sit Down/A Love Affair/New Wrinkle/Penetration/Ebb Tide/Medley

Somewhat peripherally related - the same Princeton guy that did pressing & printing for the Torques handled the "production" for these Jersey bands. The Badmen lp is pre-surf instrumentals. Good background music for typing. A mid-tempo "Blue Moon" and "Beat Feet" (an original?) are the highlights for me.

"This group...called 'The Toads' because they jump," boasts the Badmen's rhythm section (Pat Lynch on bass, Dusty Stretch on tube) and a surf-oriented approach, as this appears to have been released about 18 months or so after the Badmen were unleashed. All intro's again, but overall more playable and actually quite good, even if surf expert John Blair is still amazed that the guys could play the wrong chords to "Baja." "Medley" is great, but since I want you to experience the same joy and surprise I did when first hearing this, I won't divulge the tunes involved, as the Toads saw fit to do likewise. I would've loved to have seen the boys at the Lawrenceville Spring Prom, "pound out song after song until the dancers are spent."

WANTED!

DAVY ** AND THE ** BADMEN



SIDE ONE: MORPHEUS, MOVIN', STRANGER ON THE SHORE, SLEEPWALK, BAJA, WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW, CHECKMATE SIDE TWO: YOU CAN'T SIT DOWN, A LOVE AFFAIR IS A WONDERFUL THING, NEW WRINKLE, PENE-TRATION, EBB TIDE, MEDLEY.....

more related lp's

THE ORANGE PEELS

The Orange Peels (WAS-62075) Cuts: The Bennett Munch/Apache/King Bee/Stranger from Durango/Runaway/Honky Tonk/Bull Dog/Sauce/Mashed Potatoes/The Slow One/Rebel Rouser

Another coup for Wight Audio Productions, and a laff riot to boot! Collectively, these guys must've missed an awful lot of music lessons. Although a studio lp, a voice announces: "Here's the groovy sound of the Orange Peels!". A very ex, uh...unusual arrangement of "Apache." An attempt at snotty punk vocals on "King Bee." Perhaps exhausted, the band really falls apart during "Rebel Rouser," despite the singer's exhortations to, "Move it out, c'mon, c'mon!". Most songs fade in and out at least once, inexplicably and without warning.

The Electras (Elt 201) Cuts: Guitar Boogie/3 Blind Mice/You Can't Sit Down/Greenfields/Shanghaied/Summertime Blues/Bulldog/Ya Ya/Sleepwalk/Electra/Because They're Young/Torquay/Yellow Jacket

Although the Electras took up residency at St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H., they did have Andover ties. Unfortunately, I can't remember the exact nature, but I think they shared a member with the Satans or something. Certainly the album jacket came out of the same remedial art class that produced those of the Satans, Invictas, and Apostles. One of the more hideously underrecorded lp's, it still has its moments, most notably a tuff cover of the Wailers' "Shanghaied," the idiotic vocals on "Summertime Blues" and the Electras sublime theme. As the liners so aptly put it, "Not one of their #'s, no matter how familiar the title, sounds anything like any version that has ever been done before. Tedious imitation is not part of their repertory."

Torquès-Live (Lemco 604) Cuts: I've Been Hurt/Black is Black/What Kind of Fool/But It's Alright/Love is a Hurting Thing/It's not Unusual/Stepping Stone/Hungry/Out of Sight/Come On Up

This album, recorded live 12/31/66, "reflects a single moment in time, musical time, it reflects a moment in the everchanging, eversearching style of a progressive group." As you might have guessed, it also sucks. The exceptions being the last 4 cuts on side two, which do turn into something of a rave up. Although on a Lexington, Kentucky label and recorded live in that area, these guys are occasionally confused with the heroes of our story. A real riot is the front cover, which has two sets of group live shots - one in paisleys and the other in pendletons! They did have a cool 45, "Tidal Wave" (Lemco#880).

TORQUÈS LIVE

Ted Ardis
Mike Saxon
Steve Dineen
Wito Wilson

Some Fine Literature

At long last it seems as though there's been a resurgence of rock'n'roll fanzines, mags, whatever you wanna call 'em. A lot of familiar names are involved, but there are also some new kids on the block, definitely a good sign.

The return of *Kicks* is certainly a most welcome sight. The long awaited third issue features a lengthy interview with Esquerita (this guy is CERTIFIED, believe me), as well as stories on the Collins Kids, Phantom, local 60's trash, White Castle & much, much more. Billy & Miriam certainly have their hearts in the right places. Perhaps thanks to their fevered devotion Benny Joy may one day become a leader of our nation's youth. Perhaps not, but be sure and send \$3.50 for 76 action-packed pages to Box 646, Cooper Sta., N.Y., NY 10003. Hoy hoy!

On the opposite coast Mike Stax's *Ugly Things* spreads the gospel on such religious icons as the Pretty Things and Downliners Sect. He's just published #3 and it's a real gas! A wild interview w/Sky Saxon (the white Esquerita?) that has to be seen to be believed. Also great stuff on the Lyrics, lots of reviews, and a cool editorial. \$3 by mail from 405 W. Washington, Suite 237, San Diego, CA 92103.

R.P.M. (#2/24361 Greenfield Suite 201, Southfield, MI 48075) is much more than a record collectors rag. It's got a solid r'n'r orientation as recent stories on Fenton and Hideout Records, Little Richard, The Centurys, Fats Domino & more prove. Another fun mag, albeit of a different nature, is *Stop*. Kind of like the Dancing Beefburgers section of the Prestige Diner's (New Providence, N.J.) menu come to life. They forever endeared themselves to my heart with issue #3, which featured an interview & cover story on Bill Scott, the voice behind Bullwinkle! They're now up to 8 issues so catch up on what you've missed from Box 529 Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., NY 10113.

Awaited with bated breath is the 2nd issue of Greg Prevost's *Outasite* (#2/53 Fairway Dr., Rochester, N.Y. 14612) which features an interview with Moulty, the Churchman of "Babe We're Not Part of Society" fame, and the Iguanas. Maybe some rockabilly as well. Not nearly as likely to appear is a new issue of *King's Ransom* but maybe with some encouragement from the ravenous horde out there Dave Bass will have no choice but to put out another issue. Write to him at Box 806, Roxbury, MA 02120, and be sure to ask about the boss New England Teen Scene lp's.

Next time I hope to expand this section and include some mags that I couldn't get around to this time as well as some I haven't seen yet. Perhaps they'll even be a rundown of wrestling mags & tabloids, but until then be sure & support the ones listed above, cause they really deserve it...

=====

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DON'T MISS THE ACTION!

Vince Brnicevic admits...

A Few of My Favorite Things

First off, I'd like to say a big "hello" to all my fans out there. It's been a long time since I picked up a crayon but here goes...

I know many of you probably remember the first 45 you ever got, but then there are probably some of you who remember the first time you wet your pants. But this article has to do with neither.

In fact, I'd rather tell you about my infamous Little League career. In my heyday I was quite a pitcher. I was so fast that you couldn't see the ball -- but you could hear it coming. First you'd hear a WISSS, then a BOMPH, followed immediately by a large WAHHH! They called me "The Crippler." I could send anybody to first base crippling with pain and I could do it with only two pitches: the fastball and the goofball. I imagine you all know what a fastball is but perhaps you entertain some questions about the goofball. This is related to the fastball, but it's a more specialized pitch. The trick to throwing a good goofball is in the delivery. The pitch is only effective if it hits the batter in the head and therefore renders him "goofy" for the remainder of the game.

This goofball was my secret weapon. I'd usually save it for the best batters on the opposing team, but not without exception. The goofball almost always worked, but twice it connected in the neck area. These batters came back into the game, only to be so jumpy that they struck out anyway.

But enough is enough and on to the matter at hand, which is records. In the following paragraphs I will attempt to review some 45's which are, well...almost unfileable (new word, two points for me). Nonetheless, they are very special to me, even when I use them as coasters. Because of their importance to me I have chosen to share them with the world.

First up is a true two-sided classic by the Parliaments, or if you prefer, Sur Royal Da Count (Villa-Yore 606/7). The better known side (via Boulders Vol. 1) is "Scream, Mother, Scream." This cannot overshadow the brilliance of "Sgt. Ralph Yore U.S.M.C." It seems that good ole' Ralph is a relative of the Parliaments, who chose to "leave behind his women and booze," in order to fight in Vietnam and "take his chance." The tune is set to a slow drum roll which renders the finished product very effective. Our hero believes that, "We must all stand up and do our part. What would happen if the commies came over and buried you? What would happen to God and the red, white, and blue? If you want our America to be here someday then you must believe in our government and Mr. LBJ." Wow.

Another record which can't be ignored is "The Out Crowd" by Bob Linkletter (Chattahoochee 702). It's delivered in the Barry McGuire/protest vein with a great gravel voice. Bob, as could be expected, is a member of the out crowd, but he's proud of it. He likes to stand alone, not being "part of the jungle of long-haired freaks." Bob states his case right in the beginning of the song: "I don't look like the others all look I don't dress like the others all dress I don't think like the others all think..." Yeah, Bob.

Almost as good is Smitty & The Afterbeats' "A Perfect Day" (RCA 47-7653). The "song" is a slow reading of a perfect day for Smitty, with clever use of sound effects. He goes to pick up his girlfriend only to find her father greeting him at the door ("Get that boy outta here!"). A nice, quiet Sunday dinner with her folks ensues (Oink, oink, slop, oink!). How about a ride in the car with the radio on ("Top three tunes, all day, all night.")? Well, it looks like the end of a perfect day ("Smash, crash, bam, ahhh!").

SOUNDS of '64

SUMMIT HIGH SCHOOL
Summit, New Jersey

Side 1	Side 2
Hooproom	"Stand Up and Cheer"
Typing	Football Awards Assembly
Chemistry	Cock Anderson
Assembly - Ricardo Presas	1963 Football Squad
Argentine AFS Students	FTA Assembly - Hoosierway
Celebrate Lunch Line	Basketball - Star Pitch
Gym Class	G.O. Show - "High School Show"
Physics	Alma Mater
Comprehensive Shop	

The SOUNDS of '64 represent the best three sides of the many SOUNDS of a school year at Summit High. As an extension of the theme - SOUND... of the 1964 TOP, the yearbook staff has recorded everyday SOUNDS as well as special, never-to-be-forgotten ones.

And they weren't ready for the Velvet Underground in '65???

In the spoken word category comes an entry from the 1964 class of Summit High School in New Jersey (JBB 104). This gem is an EP that gives us what it's like to be an actual high school student, from the state basketball finals to the lunch line ("74¢ please"). The highlight is Argentinian AFS student Ricardo Presas speaking at a general assembly. To wit: "I had the idea that the teenagers in America was sort of crazy. Driving fast, driving cars to a big speed with many juvenile delinquency. Well, it's not true... there are not so many."



Tony Randall and Jack Klugman played their "Odd Couple" role to the hilt with their brilliant waxing of "You're So Vain" (Phase 4 90016). This certainly would have been fun to write about, but the copy I have has "Bonus Gift: Do Not Review" stamped on it, so I guess that's that.

The Caps make their contribution with a nice little tune out of Ohio called the "Three Little Pigniks" (White Star 103). I really like this because it's full of beatnik talk as it unravels that famous old story. It runs a little differently here, as the older brother beats his bongos on the Village scene. All's well that ends well, as this brother just happens to own the house of bricks. After the first two pigs have the wolf crash their pads, they cut out to groove with their older brother.

Equally unforgettable is the original recording of "Glendora." And who else but the great godfather of punk is responsible for this stellar effort? That's right, it's Perry Como (RCA 47-6554). A great rendition to be sure, with a corny jazzed-up sound. Dig that crazy clarinet! Only Perry can deliver these immortal lines: "Eyes of blue, hair like gold, never been young, but she'll never get old... I stand left and I stand right, out of my head 'cause I'm out of sight." Hail, hail Perry Como!

The Stars of Hollywood label is to be thanked for letting the Scavengers pick up their instruments and give us "Zip Code" (S.O.H. 1211). It opens with a plaintive, "Baby you told me everything, but there's just one thing I'd like to know -- what's your zip code #?". The remaining minute and fifty seconds is devoted to an idiotic voice repeating numbers ("My zip code is 478198745...") over a solid instrumental backing. They save the big punch line for the finale: "That's my social security #, you wanted my zip code!". Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk.



I've just happened to have saved the best for last. A round of applause to Australia for producing Frankie Davidson and the Sapphires' "I Can't Do The Twist" (Melbourne 104). This happens to be a good medium tempo rocker all about a guy who can't dance the latest craze. It seems that when he twists his feet, it hurts his hips until he wants to cry. This obviously calls for a visit to Madame Lazoga because the gals don't dig his version of the ponga. Alas, not even Lazoga can transform him: "Everybody's doin' it now, but I can't get the gist, so I tell the world before I kill myself, I can't do the twist!" Mr. Davidson eventually abandons hope and hits up girls with, "Hey senorita, do you like to cha-cha? Want to rhumba? Rock'n'roll? Twist?!! I can't do the twist!" Neither can I, which is why I stay home and listen to records like this.



ZIPPY SAYS:



MENTALLY,

I AM IMAGINING
A 42-DAY OLD
HOSTESS HO-HO
COMING OUT OF
RETIREMENT &
RUNNING FOR
VICE-PRESIDENT WITH ME ON THE PINHEAD
PLATFORM: "A FUNNY SNACK IN EVERY GARAGE!"



SHE GREW UP TOO FAST! *by M. Linne*

"...Honey, I don't know any news. Nothing ever happens any more. At least nothing interesting. I have had the blues so bad all day that I could lie right down and die. I don't know what to do. I wish you were right here to tell me what to do... I've got a Majestic Radiola and they nearly drive me crazy with the music. I love music but it always makes me melancholy -- and all I've heard today is "Lonesome Railroad Blues"... it nearly drives me mad...we are young and should be happy like other boys and girls..."

Bonnie Parker (1930)

Yeah, that's Bonnie writing to Clyde. A gal still in her teens hitting the whole teenage angst theory right between the eyes. I suppose it goes beyond being a boy or being a girl; the sentiments can apply to either, yet there's a line there that makes it a letter from a female: "Tell me what to do."

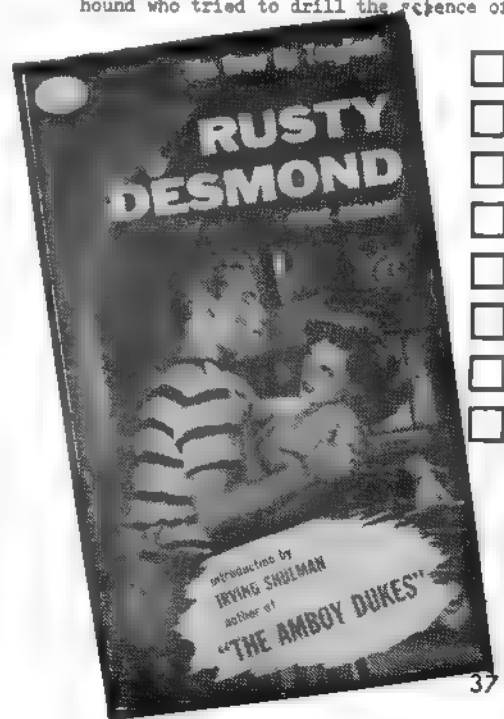
Now I know in this day and age, gals like to think they're the masters of their own ships and all and I suppose that a lot of them are trying their damndest, but the fact remains that there's a whole lot of Bonnie in most every gal, and it's the Bonniness that makes me glad I'm a gal. Cause no matter how gruff and independent a gal is, the minute she realizes that there's a boy out there JUST FOR HER, she becomes capable of the most intriguing, satanic, regal, and retarded behavior. And so we're boys are busy making something out of themselves, chances are the gals are out there helping the boys do just that. It's hard to face up to there being very few Moulty's out there looking for, "a girl...a REAL girl," and gals spend many, many years with a goal - blatant sometimes, buried other times, of finding a boy who really loves her and only her. So Lady Libbers and Modern Nuclear Computech Apocalyptic Realists of the Third Kind beware: The opinions forthcoming may be insulting to your intelligence.

Girls were made to love. This is a fact, perhaps the only one that matters when dealing with anything. Anything.

And this is true of the portrayal of girls (you know, "young females") in the arts. I use that word "arts" only because the term "media" makes me nauseous and also because "arts" makes me think of men in leotards and ballet slippers, or smelly old me with pinches. Actually, that gore-grating word "pinches" is most equitable to the word "arts." When I think of "arts" I get mental pictures that inspire me to dreams of mass mutilation and I also get defensive about a pet underdog -- juvenile delinquent fiction -- and primarily sensational pseudo-sociological and quasi-psychological fiction circa the 1950's.

JD fiction offers to its reader two basic settings; urban and suburban, and a very limited set of hypotheses. For example, there's the orphan slum girl who gets teased by the other girls in school due to her clothes. She gets omitted from regular teenage activities because of her low socioeconomic status and finds acceptance and fatherly love by becoming a gang deb. Eventually she is dared into criminal participation, making a narrow escape from the law. Then she is either rescued by a social worker or killed in a car crash. I prefer the latter and that's exactly what happens in the wonderful, wonderful RUSTY DESMOND (Avon 533).

Rusty grew up way too fast. She loved her dad, who had left her mother for a younger woman. She couldn't blame him, though. Mom was a fat, lazy booze-hound who tried to drill the rectance of



hating men into her shapely little daughter. Now Rusty and her best pal, Patey, were both good-looking from suburbia who wanted to be popular with the boys but didn't want to give them too much, just keep 'em interested. So they have a couple of wild and wofish boy-friends and they go to the movies a lot and the beach likewise and everywhere they go the boys behave for just so long and then turn into sex fiends and want action, lotta action. Rusty's mom beats her up and calls her a tramp and that's the last straw for Rusty, who now believes that she was made to be cheap. Soon the gals are drug addicts and are burning cans of marijuana in the backyard as secret stash.

Before long, poor Rusty's el preggio and the kids have to get up the cash to drive her to Tijuana for el pumpe grande. They decide to hold up a 7-11 type joint and sure enough, the gun that they'd taken along for show gets fired, killing an innocent guy, and the kids are sent tearing off into the night in pure panic. The cops spot them burning up the coastal highway and their car goes lunging off a cliff and into the ocean. Some of the best wordy narrative in the world is on the last page of this book, dealing with a flaming comet and a wild animal scream drifting up from the exploding car. Anyway, that's the end.

And all this could have been avoided. Steven January, like most good JD novelists, was a sociologist, and thankfully, he doesn't get preachy in Rusty Desmond. But he does paint a picture with obvious clues and suggestions. There is so much TRUTH in this book and about a hundred others of this genus species that it goes beyond an amusing nostalgia item, beyond kitsch or campiness or stupid collegiate name-dropping. There is

something real and true to be learned about the mysteries of life and the Beyond here. The philosophy spewed forth from these small but important books is a guide line for real living, and the paperish, delightfully feeble images are an actual, a tangible source of almost Biblical inspiration. Because there are hormones running through the teenage body that appear almost overnight and are unquenchable. When these fires ignite they burn, baby, burn.

Should a child be constantly pared and pruned for a "well-adjusted" adult life by his or her parents, chances are these fires could be sedated to a slow burn. Rechannelled... into sports or something. And this didn't start happening in Rusty Desmond's 1950's or in Bonnie Parker's 1930's or in Jeremiah's time, but way back to Cain and Abel (honk if you love Jesus) or whenever prehistoric man started moralizing (honk if you love the Flintstones). It's a glorious fact of life that we are born with hormones that for even a brief instant make us akin to God and it is heinous to imagine that God would send down his birdly scavenger to pluck out the evil eye. Essentially, the gist of this iggling is to ask that you take these mass-market wonders with you when you plow the deep. To the other side. The right side.



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Read a Book!

reviews by the Editor

This field seems to be pretty lackluster as of late. A lot of books that seems to have good intentions and/or good subject matter somehow go awry, the results being that there aren't too many desirables out there. Fiction seems to really be in the doldrums lately, but I'm sure there are exceptions (even if they might go towards proving the rule). But enough groaning. Let's hit the good stuff.

If it weren't for a copy of Flash #2 that happened into my hands about eight or nine years ago, Breakthrough probably wouldn't be in yours. The editor of that wonderful mag, which paid homage to such then obscure bands as the Sonics, was Mark Shipper. Mark has kept a pretty low profile since those days, with Paperback Writer, a hilarious fictitious account of the Beatles' career being the exception. Now he's back and this time the victims are all those self-help books, the kind obnoxious cretins like Jane Fonda are always pushing. How To Be Ecstatically Happy 24 Hours a Day For the Rest of Your Life! is definitely the final word on this plague. Besides being his usual riotous self (if you want to "Live Forever" you'll have to shell out for a non-existent hardcover edition) Shipper also offers some very, uh, interesting case histories throughout the book. The doctor's patients include a couple named Rob & Laura, a family including Theodore, Wally, June, Ward and a surrogate named Eddie, run ins with Buddy and Sally and Ralph and Alice... well, you get the idea, now get the book. (\$6.95 809 Productions, 12021 Wilshire Blvd., L.A., CA 90025).

Compared to Mr. Shipper, Nick Tosches has been prolific of late. His newest, Unsung Heroes of Rock'n'Roll (\$8.95 Charles Scribner's Sons) is also a joy, although I hope he drops the non-stop religious analogies in his upcoming Hall & Moax bio. It's great to be able to read about Stick McGhee, Wynonie Harris, Merrill Moore & Wanda in the same book. A few of these chapters have appeared in publications before, but now there's no reason to save those Green back issues. In the "Have to See it to Believe it" category comes the concluding chapter on one Frau Smith.

One book with good intentions that didn't go astray is Irwyn Applebaum's The World According to Beaver (\$7.95 Bantam). A heartfelt tribute to an American classic. Lots of background info & quotable quotes, as well as an episode-by-episode guide to fill in all the gaps in your video collection. As much as I dug the made for TV movie a few years back, I can't help but bristle at the thought of a middle-aged Beaver on the Disney Channel.

Cont'd. p.43 38

THE LEGEND OF KIP TYLER by James Marshall

There are few records in the history of recorded music which one could truly call monsters. "She's My Witch" coupled with "Rumble Rock" by Kip Tyler and the Flips (Ebb 154) is such a record. It's a pure, tough rock'n'roll record that oozes with sex and dark primal thoughts. A perfect Link Wray guitar figure and a sleazy saxophone riff ride over a moody beat, creating an atmosphere of bizarre intensity. Add to this the voice of Kip Tyler:

"Got hair as black as night
Got a skirt that's ooh so tight
Tellin' you I got an itch...
Love her though she's good and bad
Mess around and you've been had
Got a key and a master switch...
Likes to drag with a goin' male
Plays the chicken just for the thrill
Till you wind up in a ditch...
She's my witch."

Had Tyler never set foot in a recording studio again his place in rock'n'roll history would have been secure. He did, however, cutting over a dozen sides, many of them being excellent, albeit not quite as perfect as the first.

Contacted recently at his L.A. home, Kip seemed more than a little reluctant to speak of his early days, as is the case with many of the footsoldiers of rock'n'roll. His band, which featured mainstay guitarist Mike Deasy and included at various times Steve Douglas, Larry Knetchal, Jimmy Troxel, Bruce Johnston, Dave Shostac and Sandy Nelson, began playing around their Los Angeles base in 1957. They became the most popular attraction in the area. Previous to this, Kip appeared under the name of Jimmy Daley in the film Rock Pretty Baby and cut his first sides, mediocre affairs for the Decca soundtrack.

Yet, by '57 Kip Tyler and the Flips had a wild stage act. Opening the show for such national acts as the Everly Bros., Conway Twitty, Bo Diddley, et. al., the band would arrive onstage astride motorcycles, clad in all black leather. Tyler notes that, "We had a real image back then. The kids would go really crazy. Very few acts could follow us and get as good a response, and I think with with a bigger record company and more breaks we would've been as big as any of them."

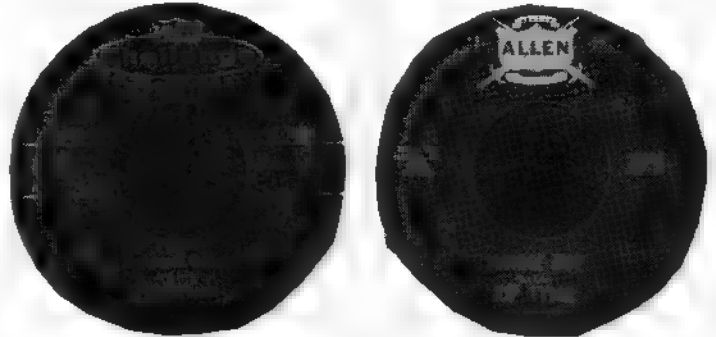
Perhaps their lack of success ("Rumble Rock" was a small local hit, getting airplay from Huggy Boy among others) had something to do with the diversity of styles on record. The follow-up to their amazing first single was a doo-wop ballad, "Linda," backed with a Ricky Nelson sound alike that had none of the menace of its predecessor.

With the failure of the second 45, the Flips left Ebb for Challenge, where they cut two good singles. "Shadow Street" is a good moody rocker that bears a resemblance to Vince Taylor, and the incredible "Jungle Hop," one of the many variations on the theme known as "Bo Diddley." With these discs failing to move, and Duane Eddy co-opting the better part of the Flips, Kip headed over to Starla. There he released a good lively rocker entitled, "Let's Monkey Around."

This was followed by a mediocre ballad for Imperial, signifying the end of his rock'n'roll career. In the early sixties he cut his last records for Gyro Disc, backed by the Surfers and White Fronts. Both records only hinted at his former glory.

The majestic sound on the first single was achieved in the immortal Cold Star echo chamber. It was produced by Kip's manager and possibly Phil Spector, who was just a kid hanging out at the session. The ensuing releases were recorded at a variety of small L.A. studios, including Western Recorders and Modern.

Kip Tyler's biggest regret is that he and the Flips never had the right business people around to break them into the big time. "We were just kids--but we loved to rock." Amen.



KIP TYLER DISCOGRAPHY

Decca 30332 Bongo Rock/Hole in the Wall
Decca 30358 Red Lips and Green Eyes/How's About a Little Kiss?
(Decca cuts read "Jimmy Daley & the Ding-A-Lings"
Vocal by: Kip Tyler)
Ebb 154 Rumble Rock/She's My Witch
Ebb 156 Oh Linda/Hall-Lou
Challenge 1014 Shadow Street/She Got Eyes
Challenge 59008 Jungle Hop/Ooh Yeah Baby
Starla 2 Let's Monkey Around/Vagabond Mama
Imperial 5641 Rocket Round the Universe/The Goblin Trot
Gyro-Disc 710 That Bell of Freedom/Girl from Ipanema
Gyro-Disc 711 Toledo/Eternity(A Surfer's Lament)



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PRO WRESTLING: Anything Can Happen and Usually Does by Ben Vaughn

Being an internationally known entertainer like myself, I am often asked by the little people who my favorite pro wrestler is. This may seem like a simple question requiring only a simple answer but as any true fan of TV grappling knows, it's impossible to have one favorite. For example, just when you start thinking that the Wild Samoans are the coolest thing going, the Magnificent Morocco starts a feud with Superfly Jimmy Snuka that involves clothes shredding, flying chairs and the ring announcer's microphone being used as a bludgeoning instrument. But then George "The Animal" Steele comes back to town for a month or two of turnbuckle gnawing and... well, you get the picture.

Having so many favorites to choose from is no new development. As a youth, I recall being equally impressed by Bulldog Brower ("The Man of the Hour"), Bobo Brazil (famous for his "Cocoa-Butt"), and Prince Inkaya, humongous Hawaiian inventor of the "Giant Splash." Trying to choose a favorite wrestler would be like trying to pick a favorite mid-sixties punk band. Can you really say that the Standells beat the hell outa the Zakary Thaks or the Chocolate Watchband? Why bother, right?

Of course, all good guys are excluded because they're no fun. Clowns like Bob Backlund and Bruno Sammartino before him are clean cut, fair, moral, and all around "squaresville." Like I said, no fun.

However, there are still the managers. Captain Lou Albano was a riot back in his days as a wrestler, where the "Albano is a bum!" chant originated, but has found his true calling as an obnoxious, meddling manager of some of the sport's greatest villains. His manipulation of the Samoans is always good for a few laughs, as is Fred Blassie's cane-wielding ranting and raving. Best of all, though, is the almighty Grand Wizard of Wrestling who must be seen to be believed (Please see accompanying obituary-Ed.).

All in all, pro wrestling is good wholesome entertainment that the whole family can enjoy. Yours truly can't think of a better way to spend a Saturday afternoon than settling back with that tall glass of something special, a box of Cheez-Its, and a good six-man tag team on the tube. You oughta try it.

THIS PAGE IS NOT FOR SISSIES



The GRAND WIZARD
Is Dead, Long Live
The GRAND WIZARD
by Mike Mesaros

Dear Ann Landers: I am a college freshman and have grown up reading your column. You have been very influential in helping me form some of my ideas on many issues. And now will you help me again?

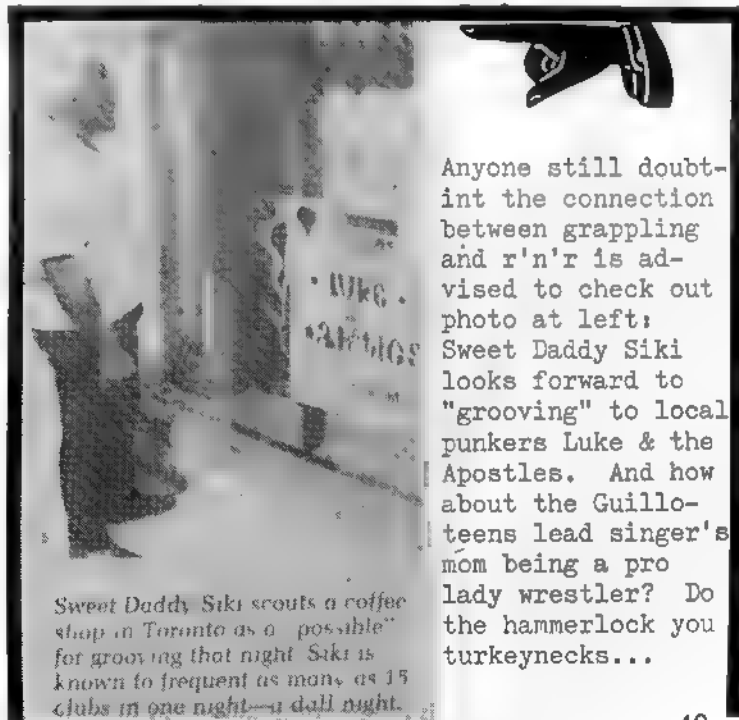
Please explain how wholesome, nonviolent people can sit in front of a TV screen for hours and enjoy professional wrestling.

My father is a fine man I am baffled by the way he gets caught up in this brutal (and often phony) so-called sport. Help me understand.—Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Bell: Sorry, I also am baffled. And the mud-rassling and women in the ring simply gross me out. Any answers out there?

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The Grand Wizard is dead. Here are the sad facts: His real name was Ernie Roth. He died in Florida in early October, 1983. He was 57 years old. The official cause of death was heart failure. Perhaps this came about due to years of helping the heavily side-burned, hard drinking Stan "The Man" Stasiak cultivate and develop his awesome heart punch. We might never know. Controversy and intrigue followed our mysterious Wizard to his grave.



Sweet Daddy Siki scouts a coffee shop in Toronto as a "possible" for grooving that night. Siki is known to frequent as many as 15 clubs in one night—a dall night.

Anyone still doubt-int the connection between grappling and r'n'r is advised to check out photo at left: Sweet Daddy Siki looks forward to "grooving" to local punkers Luke & the Apostles. And how about the Guillo-teens lead singer's mom being a pro lady wrestler? Do the hammerlock you turkeynecks...

This page is not for sissies. But it is for men and women who want peace with God.

According to Art Martone of the Providence Journal, death was accompanied by, "rumours of a drug overdose floating through the wrestling world." May you be Camel Clutched in your sleep Mr. Martone! Such statements belong in the supermarket scandal sheets, not in the sports section of one of New England's most highly regarded dailies. In these troubled times we do not need a drug scandal to blemish the grand old game of wrestling. Drug news has turned our children away from their former preoccupation - baseball (illegal tactics: spitballs, pine-tarred bats, admitted "cheating" on the double play, violent encounters with umpires, and loud mouthed overly demonstrative managers have always made the legitimacy of our national waste-of-time quite suspect to me anyway). We need pro wrestling, with its "sweet sciences" and role model type individuals such as the late lamented Wizard, to re-affirm our American heritage. The Grand Wizard was a leader of men, not a follower. I refuse to believe that he would lead this country's youth on a slide down the snow slicked path of destruction.

Yes, our Wiz was worthy of emulation. He did not possess the ex-grappler's fame of a Blassie or Albano. Frankly, he was a pencil neck geek. Magically, however, the little man in the wrap-around shades and the silk turban rose above his physical limitations to become one of the most intimidating individuals ever to enter the squared circle. He was a manger of champions (the aforementioned hard drinking Stasiak and the Japanese tag team duo of Professor Toru Tanaka and Mr. Fuji), and a champion of managers.

The Grand Wizard is gone forever. It is now time for legendary ring announcer Friendly Bob Freed to reappear on the scene. He must help us emerge from our grief. Please, Mr. Freed, save our children, save our Saturday mornings.

The Grand Wizard

Q. Could you please tell me when and how the Grand Wizard of wrestling passed away?

K.G., Warwick

A. The Grand Wizard, whose real name was Ernie Roth, died in Florida last month under a cloud of controversy, with rumors of a drug overdose floating through the wrestling world.

The official cause of death, it was reported, was a heart attack. **THE WIZ** 57.

For those unfamiliar with professional wrestling, the Grand Wizard was one of the most famous managers in the sport. His trademark was his garish clothing, which included loud sportscoats, 3-D sunglasses and a turban. All the wrestlers under his command were villains, as are those of the other two best-known managers, Lou Albano and Classy Freddie Blassie.

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White Castle

I buy em
 by the
 Sack


White Castle

33 1/3's

reviewed by Todd Abramson

TEENAGE CRIME WAVE

V.A.-Hipsville Vol. 2 (Kran-Mar 102)

This album hasn't been released as of this date, but a visit with my old boss at the Gotham Bus Co. secured me a listen. While munching on some delicious mystery appetizers I thoroughly enjoyed the raucous racket created by the likes of the Teenmates and Florian Monday & his Mondos. Equally invigorating was the Knights blatant attempt to ascend the Phillips Academy hierarchy w/their theft of the Rising Storms' "I'm Coming Home"- "You're Not Mine." Another joy was hearing the Faces in the Crowd sing the quotes from their high school yearbooks. Yeah, this lp's a real joy - superior to the first visit to Hipsville as fewer notes are present (musical, not liner). A few bands are finally rescued from their acetate only kiss of death. This pleased my friend Ed in the sewer to no end, for as he so prosaically put it: "Time and tide wait for no band."

Wednesday, August 10-8:30

**Mitch Ryder and The Detroit Wheels,
The Humans**

V.A.-Signed D.C. (Satan 666)

Washington: First in war, first in peace and last in the American League East. A similar rank to their lowly hardball status was accorded their 60's local scene...until now, that is. Chaos reigns supreme on three wild instros's, including a surprise from boss faves the Hangmen. "The Midnight Drag of Paul Revere" and "The Legend of Tarsan" rewrite history in a most appealing manner. The Count 5 may have been unable to match the Y-birds note for note, but the IV Pack can't come near the San Jose boys in their bumbling "Psych. Reaction" theft. The Mad Hatters "I Need Love" not only turns out to be the original of the Time Stoppers disc, but more fun to boot! The best is saved for last: A screaming rave-up of Love's title song by December's Children Ltd., Fashion tips can be garnered from the Prophets photo on front, while automotive enthusiasts are advised to scope the back's lower left corner.

V.A.-Back From the Grave Vol.3 (Crypt003)

The highlight of this set is undoubtedly the Raunch Hands' stompin' "Tiger Guitars," a thunderous instro that was RECORDED IN 1984!!! Yeah! These guys really tear it up here and in live shows- especially on the instrumentals. Watch for their new 45 on Egon featuring a blistering version of the Scarlets' aptly named "Stampede." My second fave is William the Wild One's acute attack of monomania. A glance at the liners shows he still lives up to the spirit of the music some 20 years later! But the Music Machine "over-dressed dandies?" What does that make Sir Winston & the Commons?



4/5's Raunch Hands by J. Sulley

V.A.-Root "66" Vol.1 (Paraquat)

Minnesota 60's sounds have been a personal source of mirth and merriment for a long time now. This lp doesn't disappoint. Great stormers by the High Spirits, Shandells, and Dale Gregory & the Shouters lead the way. Maybe a 2nd volume will feature the minor key cheesy organ sound popularized by the Gestures and Castaways. Papa Oom Mow Mow!

Saturday, July 2-8:30

Beau Brummels, The Vagrants

THE SOUNDS OF TODAY

Barrence Whitfield & the Savages
(Mamou M-1)

As good as this is (and it ain't no slouch), this band is now about ten fold better live, which should be reflected on their upcoming release. For years I've been bitching & moaning about the lack of a band doing wild Little Richard style r'n'b wailing. Well I bitch no longer cause w/ Barrence screamin' the blues and a solid band, most of whom you've come across in such stellar combos as DMZ and the Real Kids, these guys have the goods to equal their inspirations.

The Surf Raiders-On the Beach!
(Surf Wax 1003)

Nah, they don't do the Cliff Richard title song. But on this disc the Surf Raiders perform some of the best instrumental surf music this side of the first Jon & the Nightriders album. A swell job on "Kuk" too.

The Zantees-Rhythm Bound (Midnight 101)

The Zantees have evolved into the A-Bones, with a lineup shift, but this record deserves all the belated praise it can get. O.K.-so 2 of my closest pals are in the group...so what. This album is so fucking good I'd haveta rave about it even if the band consisted of rock critics. "Money to Burn"(co-written by Dave Alvin...just one big happy family, folks) would have to be included on a compilation of the best songs of the last 15 years. Miriam Linna's vocal "stylings" have received well deserved rave notices from everyone within earshot, including the Magnificent Milochi. "Gotta Gotta Gotta Be Mine" hints at more menace on one cut than the Splay Cats could muster on a whole album. An extra added bonus is Adny Shernoff's production, which foregoes any contrived notions of commerciality and does it right. On the minus side this record has proved to be fairly elusive in the stores - if you can't find it gripe to Midnight.

Wednesday, August 24-8:30

The Lovin' Spoonful

BURN THE COUNTRY STATIONS DOWN
Rounder Records Special Series

I don't know all the issues in this series, but what's got me jumpin' are the country ones. Most major label reissues of vintage country music are a crime to humanity; rechanneled stereo and the dignity of added syrupy backings. I almost never recovered from my first bogus exposures to Hank Williams and Patsy Cline, both of which were in this manner. Anyway, Rounder deserves an award for their series. Leading the pack for me are The Louvin Brothers' Tragic Songs of Life (Special Series 12), a fantastic Kitty Wells set (The Golden Years SS13) & George Jones' Burn the Honky-Tonk Down (SS 15), which rescues 13 of the best from George's 1965-71 Musicor period. That there was an awful amount of dross there is borne out by the second volume (Heartaches & Hangovers SS 17) which is good, but fails to achieve the consistency of the initial set. I haven't heard the Lefty Frizzell lp's in the series yet, but I bet they're great. Support Rounder and their reissue series and help to rid the world of Ronnie Millsap. (1 Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140).



ARCANE ARCHIVES

V.A.- Hillside Sampler (Hillside 18036)

Based in Columbus, Ohio, the Hillside label turned out an EP sampler, a 45 by the Gears, and this album - their crowning achievement. No doubt some of the bands on it benefited from Hillside's instrument & equipment rental service, as advertised on the EP's label!

The Possums start the album rolling by running Gene Clark's "She Don't Care About Time" into the ground. Not only can't they compete sonically with the Byrds but they also do a pretty good job of botching up the lyrics. I enjoy this one a lot, but even better is their version of "Steppin' Stone." This features a pretty original arrangement (i.e. I have no idea where they stole it from) and some great screaming. As such it's much preferable to fellow Ohioans the Rebounds' waxing of same on Tower. The Grim Reapers are somewhat lighter in approach on their 2 numbers. "Good Lovin'" is pretty wild, with a wall of sound production so dense the organ isn't even missed (well...not that much, anyway). "Hang On Sloopy" is one of the album's supreme moments. Perhaps due to their being denied the prep school education granted spoiled brats like the Ha'Penny's, Foul Dogs, and Ones, the Reapers are rendered incapable of getting the Dylanesque lyrics down pat. The singer's impassioned plea of "Sloopy listen, girl yeah, in a bad part of town.", has confused Ohio State grad students for years.

"Girl In Love" is treated in dirge-like fashion by the New Breeds. Although it was originally done by Buckeye biggies the Outsiders, here you'd swear it was a Rising Storm outtake or Dovers demo. The Penetrations romp through "Midnight Hour" next. Along with the Wanted, Kit & the Outlaws, and Wilson Pickett, this is one of the few versions I really dig.

The Penetrations lack of musical subtlety is only surpassed by Terry Davidson and the Barracudas' "treatment" of "Hurray for Hazel(!)" The band was rushed into the studio when it was discovered Terry would soon reach puberty. This is the snot-nose version Tommy Roe fans, myself included, have only dreamed about. The marching band drum solo in the middle is one of the greatest things I've ever heard in my life.

Side Two does not maintain the same consistent high standard as its predecessor, but the band names are just as great: Brickwalls, Kings English, Gears, Eggs, Noblemen, Marquis, and Deadlys. The Brickwalls are impressive on "Walkin' the Dog," a song I crave more versions of less than "M.H.". Kings English contribute what is probably the most inept version of "Mr. You're A Better Man Than I" - no mean feat! Pretty parochial stabs at "Time Won't Let Me," "Little Red Book" and "Under My Thumb" follow in succession, but the closing cut makes up for them.

There's nothing wrong with the Lovin' Spoonful's original of "On the Road Again," but in the hands of the Deadlys it becomes an absolute monster. They speed it up to about 100 m.p.h., spit out the lyrics, and without a doubt TERMINATE the lp. The guitarist later turned to professional wrestling and killed eight Mexicans with his heart punch before being banished from the ring.

A few of these cuts have recently been reissued on a mediocre compilation lp. Hillside's owner had a number of copies of the original album until recently, when they fell into the wrong hands and were priced at \$150! Imagine, more than was most likely spent recording the entire Hillside discography.



Grim Reapers with munchies.

MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

V.A.-The Joe Meek Story (Decca 3035/6 UK)
Heinz-The Singles (Triumph RGN 3267)
John Leyton-same (Top Rank 596400)
The Tornados-Away From It All
(Decca 622/23 Belgium)

Joe Meek is best known as the man who gave the world "Telstar," via the Tornados. He also happens to be one of the world's most innovative and prolific producers. As would be expected from "Telstar" much of Meek's work is haunting. Yet I think a better word to sum it up would be PERVERSE.

The J.M. Story is a good intro to this admittedly acquired taste. A few of the big hits are omitted for legal reasons and there are certainly numerous obscurities of more rock'n'roll interest, but overall the 4 sides play well. Some of Meek's most bizarre work involved girl groups & singers, with "My Friend Bobby" by Pamela Blue being no exception. Most of Joe and Geoff Goddard's lilting melodies were often about death and the effect on this cut is positively eerie. Some of the most legendary tracks are present: "Telstar," "Just Like Eddie" and "Jack the Ripper." Joe was deeply in love with American rock'n'roll and tried coming up with English answers to heroes such as Elvis (Davy Kaye), Eddie Cochran (Heinz) and his main inspiration, Buddy Holly (Mike Berry).

The Heinz collection has mainly rockin' sounds on it, with many of the cuts being patterned after Cochran hits. In case you've never seen a photo of the Tornados ex-bassist, he looks like one of Ed Wood's bad dreams. Despite, or perhaps because of this, he was perfect for Meek's unique vision. Check these lyrics: "I get up in the morning & I brush my hair, I don't know why ain't goin' nowhere. Every day's just about the same...eat & drink & back to bed again." The ultimate in existentialist rock'n'roll! "Movin' In" is the toughest cut, with guitar similar to Link

Wray's "Run Chicken Run."

John Leyton is an atrocious English ballad singer who was fortunate enough to have Joe Meek take him under his wings. Meek tailored his sound to suit his favorite themes: death and loneliness. Most notable is Joe's first #1 hit, "Johnny Remember Me," where the singer's dead girl sings the title refrain! Others in this vein include "Lonely Johnny" and "Lone Rider." If you listen to one cut besides "Remember Me" make it the demented reading of "I Don't Care If the Sun Don't Shine."

The Tornados were Joe's biggies, and if you like "Telstar" this is more of the same. It does include the tracks from a rare EP where the group actually stretched their vocal cords with rather humorous results. It may be worth noting that to this day some historians feel that the Tornados, being the first British group to top the American charts (1/63), laid the foundation for the Beatles' subsequent success.

The Meek anthology is out of print, but available in many U.K. stores, so maybe you can try writing a few direct, providing you're interested in the first place. The best bet for the others is probably Down Home Music Inc., 10341 San Pablo Ave. El Cerrito, CA 94530. Befitting the obsessed and strange man he was, Joe Meek apparently committed suicide on February 3, 1967 - exactly 8 years after Buddy Holly died. If for no other reason than that he once miked a flushing toilet to get the desired effect on one of his discs he should be enshrined in the Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame.

books

continued from page 38

A number of discographies are currently available on the rock'n'roll bookshelf. The revised edition of The Illustrated Discography of Surf Music (\$15.95 from John Blaar, P.O. Box 1584 Riverside, CA 92502) serves as somewhat of a history as well as discog. Lots of cool photos & label shots, my fave in that dept. being the incredible Margo Records label.

More regional in nature are the second editions of Minnesota Rocked! (\$11.75 from Tom Tourville, 504 16th St., Spirit Lake, IA 51360) and David Shutt's Texas discog Journey to Thyne (try P.O. Box 17132, Austin, TX 78760, but only 200 were printed and they might be gone). I've always been gaga for the surf and suds influenced Minnesota sound and it's incredible how much good stuff there was. This book does boast a few categories I'm not too interested in, such as "horn-rock", but at least I don't have to search for every disc in there that I don't have. Texas psychedelic records don't exactly send me in to the Realm of Delirium (I.A. #14), but there were a lot of cool punkers and beat influenced 45's and they did give us...THE PHUNK! Some great sleeve shots, such as those for Cutty Sark and the Heartbeats.

Next time I hope to expand the book section and include some older faves that are still in print, if auction lists don't take what's left of my vision.

The Story of

BRITISH WALKERS

MANIA!!!

told by Ronda P.

It all started on January 16, at about 2:00 p.m.. We had heard on the radio that the British Walkers would be at the Boys' Club. We hadn't heard of them before and we wanted to really see a group up close. We got there kind of late but didn't miss the show. At first Gary and I were joking around. I touched their traveling case and said, "Wow!", meaning the opposite. There was a huge line waiting to get in. We were in the 2nd and first row standing up. We soon found Mel and George. The crowd was lined up real thick before the show started. Then THEY! came on.

I observed them all, then my eyes caught the little one and stayed there most of the time. It was truly like Beatlemania. After the show, the cops had to rush them back to the locker room. The crowd followed and many touched them. I almost got hold of one, but I missed. The whole time they were in the locker we held our autograph books by the door in case it would open. The mob there was kidding! Someone stepped on my head. My radio fell out of my coat pocket. My hair got messed. Then the guards showed us away after I got to peek in the window and see 'em. Then they set up chairs. A and another girl stood on the stage steps and my favorite smiled at us! We had little shrieking fits. They sang songs by all the groups including theirs "I found you."



DON'T MISS IT!

The fabulous British Walkers are coming to Kennedy! Yes, the British Walkers will be HERE on January 13th at 3:45. Get your tickets right away! They're only a dollar.

The REAL Tiger Bob, of WWDC Radio, will be on hand to MC this great show.

EVERYONE come, because this is a benefit for our band uniforms.

NEW ENGLISH GROUP?

Do you have any information on an English group called the British Walkers? If so, please tell me where I can join their fan club.

Barb Farrimond
140 Sheldrake Blvd
Toronto 12, Ontario, Can.

We don't know of a fan club for this group, but have printed your full address in case someone reading this can answer your question.



THE BRITISH WALKERS

Benefit for the
BOYS' CLUB OF SILVER SPRING, MD.
1300 Forest Glen Road

on
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1965

3 P.M. in the Gymnasium
(Last appearance in this area)

ADMISSION: \$1.00 (includes tax)

• DOOR PRIZE •

Roundtable Rocked by Racket

By John Pagonos

TRESSED like pages, they wear vintage English navy style clothes: bell bottom white trousers, long-sleeve, loose white shirts and doublets. They are the British Walkers, three guitarists and a drummer at the Roundtable. They play pop-rock exclusively.

Only the teenagers dance to this music, which is horrendous. It's only virtue, if virtue it is, is the beat, primitive, insistent and blatantly sexual.

By and large, the electric guitars are at ear shattering volume. When there is singing, virtually all one hears is a succession of meaningless "yeas" and "hos."

The young crowd—indeed, on Wednesday I was possibly the only nonstudent in the house—dances like so many automations, moving as if in a weightless, incredibly noisy vacuum.



Pagonos

A Smashing Success

On Thursday, January 13, a historic day in JFK's young life, the British Walkers, popular and talented recording stars, performed in a show MC'd by WDC's Real Tiger Bob Raleigh, Washington's favorite DJ.

The I. C. was filled to capacity, and the students were in a mood to enjoy an afternoon of song and fun. And there was plenty of both!

The BW's repertoire included such favorites as "Day Tripper," "Land of 1,000 Dance," "All Day and All of the Night," and of course their own hits.

Between the two half-hour intervals of song there was a 15 minute break during which Tiger Bob gave records by the British Walkers to Nancy Sharp, Donna Cicala, Mary Lohmann and Bob Still, lucky ticket holders, who were allowed backstage to meet the swingin' group and to secure their autographs.

All too soon it ended. They went in a car outside. It was snowing but no one cared and we tried to chase them but they got away too soon. Then we found a girl who said she was my favorite's wife. She said his name is Jimmy Carter and the others are Bobby Howard, Candy Mann, and Donnie Derrick. Then a boy gave this girl a button that he said belonged to Jimmy. So we all chased her. Then we went over to a guard to ask him something and we noticed: 1. The buttons were like the one that we thought belonged to Jimmy and 2. It was missing one! So he gave in.

I almost cried when we had to go. Before that though we tried to bust into the showcase to get some real neat pics of them. I begged Mom to drop me off at the record store to buy their record but she said no. We discussed them the next school day and for weeks thereafter. Then, on February 6 they came back to the Boys' Club. I couldn't go because we had to go on a darn trip. ☹️ But I was jealous enough! On February 14, Valentine's Day, we saw them at the Crosskeys Restaurant. The whole gang was there. When they came on they were fab and my friends took pics of them. We were having fits of joy. It was real gas! After, they gave autographs and talked. They're real nice guys. They had another drummer. Gary. We went into the kitchen to

Not only was this a day to be remembered by those present, but the school band will remember it by the uniforms which this occasion helped provide.

The BW's had this to say about JFK: "This is a great school—we like it. The show was a blast and we'd like to see you all again soon." Tiger Bob said the whole thing was "a gas!" successful?? You bet!



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talk to them. Bobbie and Ronnie signed my arm in
ink. Bobbie gave me a drink of his Coke. My friends
tape recorded them. It was neat there. Bobbie gave
me his Harmonica holder. They came on again and sang
our requests. Then we all posed with Ronnie and two of
my friends posed with their favorites. After the group
left, He and Gary stayed back in the kitchen to talk
to Ronnie who is nice!!!!!! He's real sweet and a
leader!!!!!! I love him!!!!!! Then we had to
leave and again we could talk of nothing else

Before this date, Feb. 5, Gary, George, and I went
to see them at Hyattsville Ymory. They were all in a
bad mood. I got Candy's autograph. That was about all
because they had to leave early. Getting back to date now, on
April 9th we saw them at Glen Echo. They were fab and we
got to go backstage to talk to them. This time they had
another drummer, Steve Tracy. He's cute and nice. Then they
came onstage. We got to take pics of them. After the show we
got their autographs. Then Donna sat on a chair and we
gathered around him. I told him something which laughed him
He turned a cig hole in my paper and autographed it. He's
really so nice! We also got to see their cars as they drove
off.

On April 24 we saw them again at the Coliseum.
They did some wild dances and were really great. Bobbie

British Walkers, at right, hail
from Virginia, affect Charles
I hairstyle and are big local-
ly. They stomp and throw up
out to shrieking girl fans.

Left: The Walkers' stiff
local competition.



Upon becoming a member in The British Walkers Fan Club
you will receive FREE

- ★ 1. Membership Card
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BAD SEED

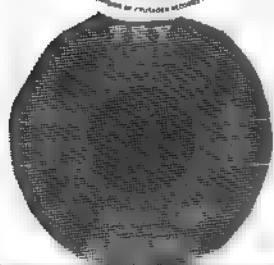
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THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT
THE BRITISH WALKERS



played drums They were really cute but being as the place is that was all we saw of 'em. Then May 22 we saw them in Indianhead. They remembered us There was a male there. This time they didn't have Ronnie! I'm so mad! I really loved him & Jimmy #1. The replacement is Jack Braker. We didn't get anything but we got to see them backstage & talk a small neck. Their manager was acting queer.

The next big night was May 28. We saw them in Glen Echo again. We went backstage but got nothing. We did get to pose with Bobbie though. I got some stuff off the stage that tricked them. Then May 29 we to the Roundtable and we had many fun. They sang alot & Bobbie played drums Steve sang and played guitar What talent! Then I got Bobbie's autograph and a guitar pick. Then Jack's aut. Then Steve's Then I got Jim's and a pick from him I brushed his hair! He's real nice and so cute. Then Bobbie and Jimmy autographed some picks for me I also got a Kleenex Steve wiped his sweat on! Loved of them yet? Certainly NOT!! We saw them at Glen Echo again Aug. 6. No souvenirs though but they're so gorgeous! What else can I say!?



RONNIE - interviewed by JANIE

It all started a long, long time ago, way back in Jan. '65, about 5 years ago. It was our first day of playing for the public. The big scene was the Boys' Club in Silver Spring, Md., one of the few remaining cities left in America. We still remember. There was about three feet of snow on the ground (where else?). This made it slower for people to get in. The show was supposed to start at 2. It was 2:30 and we hadn't even left the dressing room yet. A girl looked in the door and found us still drinking Coke and smoking and you know that comes before going on stage! She yelled out that we were dirty rotten liars, we were an hour late and we were smoking instead of playing. Well, we wouldn't let THAT go on. So we ran (and do we mean ran) on to the stage (dumb cops would have to get it up the farthest corner from the dressing room). I confess it was really a locker room, but dressing room sounds more polite, don't you think?

I can't remember what our first song was, but I remember we sang the Rolling Stones, Searchers, Beatles, DC5, Kinks, and of course our own song, "I Found You" (so don't knock it). There was a 20 minute break. We went back to the dressing room and had a wild time just watching our fans try to get in. We were calm drinking our Coke and trying not to pay attention to them.

Later, as we were being rushed back to the dressing room, many hopeful girls tried to grab us. A few did. They followed us all the way to the dressing room. It was a real battle. As many as would fit crammed the door with autograph books, hopeful that the door would open and we'd take it in. On top of all the yelling we heard one poor kid scream, "Hey, you stepped on my head, ow!!" (We know who that is-ed.). I'll never know how we made it back but we did. Now, things were more organized. The cops had set up chairs. We now started to look over all these girls. We noticed a few were smiling at us and we'd smile back and they'd make a fuss as if it were a Beate. After the show was over we dashed to our car (no limo) and all the girls followed us, they didn't care about the snow messing their hair (oh yeah, ours is long). We heard on the radio that there was a mob scene at that place hours after we left.

BRITISH WALKERS
PRESENTED BY THE NEW YORK
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19
AT THE
HYATTSVILLE
NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY

DOORS OPEN 7:30 PM
 SHOW STARTS 8:00 PM
 TICKETS \$5.00

JIMMY - interviewed by RONDA

We came back to the Boys' Club a month later. We did the same usual stuff and when we looked over our fans we noticed a few of them we thought we saw from last time. This time they were doing something funny with their fingers. They were holding up two fingers. Oh yeah, it's the victory sign, I realized. That meant they liked us alot and we gave them the victory sign back because if they like us alot we like them alot. After all, they made us.

After that show, they took pictures of us. I was starting to wonder if these girls would really be devoted fans of ours. In Hyattsville (the girls really get around) we were in a rush, but they were there and that made us happier. It wasn't too exciting because we had to get back to The Roundtable, a swanky club in Georgetown. But the next time at the Crosskeys, a dirty little restaurant in Frederick, Md., was more than just great. Why? Because they were there. Our victory sign givers. We were very surprised to see them way up there. We were on stage a long time and sang all our favorite songs. A few times my hands hit the wrong string from giving the "v" sign but I didn't care.

After the show es great too. They came backstage to see us and got souvenirs. We learned what their names were. They had their picture taken with us (oh what a funny sign that was). One girl, Mary, got to give her phone # to Ronnie and he called her soon after. That night at the Crosskeys was our best and I know it was the girls.

BOBBIE - interviewed by KATHY

The next time was at an amusement park called Glenn Echo. There was a lot of people and our favorite followers got to come in and talk for about 5 minutes. It was fun for us too. We sang all the songs and they were right there in the front row. They were really devoted to us. I liked them a lot and now I could smile at them and the audience would turn and look at the lucky ones and gasp and sigh and practically mob THEM after the show, "Do you know him? How can I get him to do that to me? Are you going?". That made me feel neat to know I could cause such a sensation.

CANDY - interviewed by ALL

I was only with them twice. They got a replacement for me, a blond curlyhaired creep named Gary. Therefore, you will be hearing no more from me. I'm MAD!!

GARY - interviewed by JANIE & KATHY

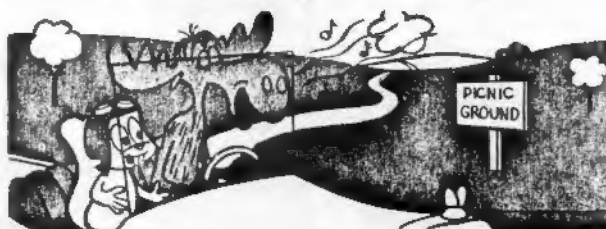
I joined the Walkers in the Crosskeys. Some of the girls were really mean to me. They asked where Candy was and said they hope I can do as good, cause that's utterly impossible, you know. I'm shy so I really don't have much to say about the Crosskeys. But I'll tell you about the Coliseum.

(Either Gary's nerves got to him here or there's a lost sheet of paper, as this is the end of the interviews-ed.)

TOP COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENT



SUBSCRIPTIONS?!! We don't need no stinkin' subscriptions! Why subscribe to a mag when you never know when it's gonna arrive, lady! But hey, that don't mean you can't send letters (we love mail), Puerto Rican beat lp's, articles, your kid sister, or anything else your little heart desires!



VIDEO WANTS

The following are wanted by the editor (VHS format):

Sutch's Life
 (1965 BBC Documentary on Screamin' Lord Sutch)

The Pretty Things
 ('66 14min. UK short)
Zombies -trailer for
Bunny Lake Is Missing
 (1965 Columbia)

Kiss Me Deadly
 (1955 United Artists)

Night and the City
 (1950 20th Cent. Fox)

The Phenix City Story
 (1957 Allied Artists)

Shook Corridor
 (1963 Allied Artists)

The Delinquents
 (1957 United Artists)

local 60's teen oriented shows w/live music!

Any Jay Ward productions(except Rocky & Bullwinkle)

Underdog cartoon show



William Kavanagh

My name is William Kavanagh. I would like a pen friend in Britain. I am in the Army and I don't get home very much. So I would like to write to someone to pass the time. My favourite groups are The Who, The Pretty Things and The Troggs. I collect records, however, of most groups. — Fusilier William Kavanagh, 24104030, 9 PLA C Coy, Napier Barracks, Shorncliffe, Kent.

Billy "Scoop" Miller Interviews

See listings for details.

TV PAPA

Despite his scant output, the name Thaddeus Vernon Grant, better known to ardent blues fans as "T.V. Papa" is spoken in only the most hallowed tones in blues music circles. His recordings in the early 50's are some of the finest examples of post-war urban blues. Originally a protege of Slim Fats, Grant exploded onto the Chicago music scene with his recording of "I'm Your TV Papa":

"I'M YOUR TV PAPA, LEMME PLAY WITH YOUR CHANNEL DIAL
I'M YOUR TV PAPA LEMME PLAY WITH YOUR CHANNEL DIAL
ADJUST MY ANTENNA BABY GONNA MAKE YOU SMILE."

His fame was fleeting however, as he mysteriously disappeared from all recording and performing activity, his name kept alive through his remarkable records. Yet, through the painstaking efforts of noted blues scholar J. Halibut Weinstein I was able to contact Grant and interview him in his modest walk up apartment on Chicago's South Side. At first his request of, "You can come over after Bonansa but you gonna hafta leave before Rhoda," seemed like an unusual one, but then T.V. Papa is an unusual man...

Billy: It certainly is a privilege to speak with you today, sir. I was hoping, as we're pressed for time, if you could run down some of your noted accomplishments.

Thaddeus: Well I seen every McHale's Navy, even when they moved to Italy. Only missed Car 54 once but I got a second go on that thanks to reruns and...

BM: Excuse me, but I've come a long way to discuss your music career.

TV: No big deal. I made a few records long time ago.

BM: That's being quite modest. you had the potential to be one of the premier blues men of all time. Your recording of "T.V. Papa" is a landmark in post war blues.

TV: Blues? Blues? You wanna know what the blues is? you wanna know? Shit, poor folks been gettin' by for centuries-you can always get past your own hardships. But tell me how you deal with the things beyond your control - Edith Bunker dyin', Lou Grant gettin' cancelled...Man, THAT is what can set a man so low he can hardly feel like goin' on. THAT my friend, is the blues.

BM: But your records are filled with a passionate yearning for something better in life.

TV: Yeah, I wanted to step up to a Motorola. Before I cut those songs I used to watch TV through an appliance store window. After my first one clicked I had Uncle Miltie right in my living room. To me, that was success.

Had a buddy, Chester Burnett, used to sleep on my couch watchin' Burns and Allen with me. I recall when he wrote this number "Spoonful" right here off of a cough syrup commercial.

BM: I find that a little tough to believe. Are you aware that as "Howlin' Wolf" your friend became one of the giants of blues music?

TV: Chester? You jivin'. I ain't never seen him on Sullivan or Carson. Anyways you gotta be mixin' him up cause he didn't put out nothin' but a racket and groan a lot.

BM: Let's talk about some of your contemporaries. When did you first link up with Albacore Slim?

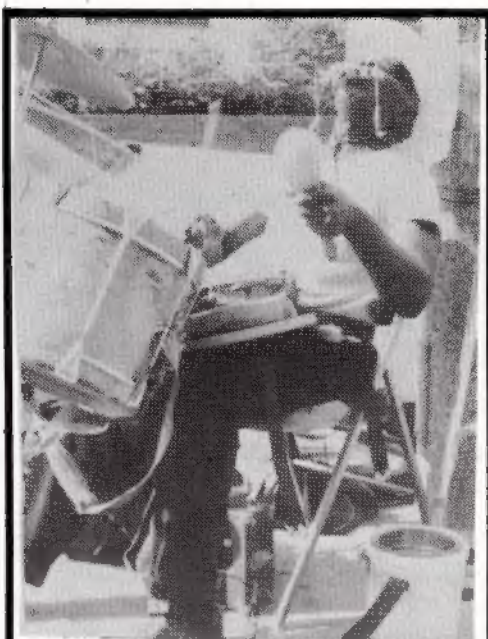
TV: Let's see, when was I Married Joan first on? Anyways, Slim was... hey, wait (points to TV). Did you catch that address for that Ginsu Knife offer? Oh, hell. Well, I'll catch it later on Hawaii 5-0.

BM: We were talkinga bout Albacore Slim, your great slide guitarist.

TV: Slim? Great? Cat couldn't even make a chord. Took the easy way out playin' with glass and knives. Ever seen the Kenny Rogers learn-to-play guitar commercial? Jude can pick. Slim coulda grabbed a tip offa that.



The "hillbilly" influence so prevalent in TV Papa's work.



T.V. Papa in a rare performance

BM: Why did you abruptly quit music in the mid 50's?

TV: See when I started there weren't but a few programs on, so I could do my gigs after the sign off. But when they offered more shows, I began to realize I could never rank with the entertainment giants - Art Carney, Phil Silvers...

BM: Do you feel a white man can sing the blues?

TV: I tell you. Getting back to Chester. See he couldn't come to terms with what he was tryin' to say so you got a whole lotta mumbly and sloppy guitar. Now when I see white folk comin' to terms with their music - like last night they had this Barbara Mandrell special - I see the real deep rooted feeling they have for the sound. It's a natural gift they have. Sometimes they expand on it like the Gold-diggers with Dean Martin and the experience the white man has with his music becomes so impassioned you feel your heart is gonna bust open. Ever see Doc Severinson play "Feelings"? Very deep.

BM: Um, I hope I'm not out of line, but your existence of nothing but television consumption is bewildering. Er, don't you ever feel a need to get together with some of your contemporaries and get out there again? I mean Slim is still alive and so's your rhythm guys, Johnny Night Train and Laredo Slimout.

TV: Let's see now. Hm...Slim, Johnny, me, Laredo - Holy Smoke! One more guy and we could get on Family Feud! Yeah, hey! You ever run into David Letterman in N.Y.?

BM: Mr. Grant! Please, you must understand, as a blues enthusiast I'm interested in your music. I'd like to hear your first hand thoughts.

TV: Tell you what. Lemme grab my guitar. You like to hear some things I been foolin' with?



Albacore Slim live on Maxwell St.

BM: Love to!!

(The fabled "TV Papa" picks up his guitar and checks the tuning. I'm sweating like crazy at the thought of an actual TV Papa performance - THIS is what I've waited for!)

TV: Here's a favorite...

(sings) "Well we're movin' on up
To the East Side
To a deluxe apartment in the
sky..."

BM: (hiding my horror) Er, maybe something more classic, something older?

TV: Sure! How 'bout this...

"This is a tale of our castaways
Been here for a long, long time..."

BM: Er, I'm afraid I gotta split.

TV: Well you sure lit a spark in me now! I may play clear to the late show!

A bit disappointed I made it down to the street, hearing that familiar voice bellow from his window...

"With Gilligan, the Skipper too,
The Millionaire & his wife
Lawdy, lawdy..."

LETTERS

Dear BEAT:

I agree with Mary Andrews' letter on "Eve of Destruction." The attitude of the whole crowd of protestors seems to be "let's show everyone how good we are by pointing out the bad in everyone else, or the 'save the world by pretending it's not worth saving.'"

I am thoroughly disgusted with all these characters. They've certainly a right to be heard but you'll not catch me listening to their putrescence! In evaluating the world situation, as in everything, he who ignores the good is just as blind and stupid as he who ignores the bad - and a good deal more trying, too.

There are many kids (I'm 20 now but am speaking about former thoughts and experiences) who care deeply about what's going on in the world today but who have the sense to know that the world's wrongs can't be corrected by nasal-voiced draft-dodgers, which is what many of these "demonstrators" are.

Jeri P.

JIM MCGUINN:

Hope you found my note on the floor of your car. Next time, don't leave your checkbook on the front seat. The show was fabulous!

Sharon

Can you please tell me Sam the Sham's real name, and of what nationality he is?

Hope Gimmel

His real name is Domingo Samudio. He is Mexican-American.

In my past year as a White Castle employee, I have met many new people and have learned to know the familiar faces so common to each and every Castle. Among my favorite customers to visit us today was Barbara Eden from the TV show "I dream of Jeannie."

While giving me her autograph she informed me that our Hamburgers are great. — Eileen Iverson, Chicago No. 23.

"The Real Don Steele recently did an oldies show at some station in Trenton, New Jersey. Nothing special, but better than the typical oldies DJ.... Was he ever a DJ in the Pacific Northwest in the mid-Sixties? I ask 'coz one of my favorite records from that era, "I'm Real," by Don and the Goodtimes/Jim Valley plugs his name at the end 'I said I'm Real, made of steel now...Real Don Steele.' I also have a record he did on Cameo, "Tina Delgado is Still Alive" which is OK, but not demented enough for my tastes."

--- TODD ABRAMSON -

Berkeley Hgts, N. J.

(ED: If anyone can help Todd, let us know and we'll forward any replies. Thanks.)

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a check for \$6.50. Would you please send me a subscription to the magazine called Breakthrough. I understand that the subscription price is for one year.

Your magazine is very touching, and I have never read anything like it before. I picked it up in a restaurant.

Charles Campbell
Karns City, PA



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Write a letter
to the editor



Photo by John E. Lynch

the myddle class

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the myddle class, Box 221, Berkeley Heights, N. J.

Also appearing on the program:

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